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May H. C. Mallard, 1895 1324 Chestnut St

News and Notes

AT Yelverton, an English summer resort, a "chapel-of-ease" has been built and furnished with many interesting and valuable gifts by the liberality of individuals. The most important of these is the Norman font, which was dug up years ago in Buckland church. It has now been presented to the church at Yelverton, a link with the past such as few new buildings possess, as it is supposed to have been in use 900 years ago. It is pleasant to read that the altar book was presented by the Rev. James Knowles, Nonconformist minister of Buckland, who also gave the Bible and Prayer Book for the reading-desk. The Bible has this inscription: "James Knowles, of Boutflwoer, as a very tiny token of his affection, esteem, and cordial sympathy, presented this Bible in the unity of the spirit."

THE Indian war is over. True, there were no Indians and there was no war, but these elements are not essential to an Indian war. The same principle applies as in Christian Science. Given a frontier squatter population and a neighboring Indian reservation, with their corresponding greeds, jealousies, and bitter memories, and the natural outcome is a rumor of war, sometimes followed by its realization. The late scare seems to have been an entirely one-sided repetition of the main features of the "Crime of a Century." If now the tenants of "Jackson's Hole" would kindly draw it in after them, the country would draw one long satisfying breath of relief.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Church Review* gives an interesting account of the "Benediction of the Fisheries," at Folkestone. It was the Sunday after St. Peter's Day, and followed Evensong in the church. This is the parish of which the well-known Mr. C. J. Ridsdale is vicar. The church is adorned within with several beautiful paintings, and is the possessor of an excellent organ. The music is pure Gregorian, and is famous for the perfection with which it is rendered. After the sermon, a procession was formed, carrying banners and singing the Litany, which passed out of the church porch, followed by the whole congregation, and proceeded towards the harbor. The streets were filled with people who reverently watched the procession, or followed it to the water-side. The houses, especially those of the fishermen, who are very numerous, were gaily decorated with flags of all descriptions. By the time the procession reached the quay the Litany was ended, and drawing up in two lines on the jetty, which was lined with fishing nets and covered with flags, the office for the Benediction of the Fisheries commenced. In returning a hymn was sung, and, the blessing being given, the service ended. The crowds in the street were almost all of the fishing and working classes, and it was very refreshing to see such order and reverence in an out-door function in an English town.

IT is a matter for congratulation that the latest returns indicate a decided slackening in the tide of immigration, the decline amounting to over 11 per cent. for the last year, and this decline being the most conspicuous in the case of the least desirable nationalities. With returning prosperity an increase of the tide may be expected, and it is worthy of note that secular journals of high class are more insistently calling attention to the dangers of the present practically unrestricted immigration. Among propositions lately noted are two which would seem especially marked by justice and common sense. One of these is that the entrance fee should be raised from one to ten dollars. At present the steamship companies pay the small fee exacted for the admission of the pauper and otherwise objectionable classes brought over by them. The advance in fee proposed would amount not to a prohibitory, but to a protective tariff. The other proposition is that none shall be admitted who are unable to read and write, not necessarily the English language, but at least their native language. If this restriction could be enforced, it would mean the practical exclusion of the most dangerous elements of the Italian, Polish, Bohemian, and Russian immigration.

THE act of the last days of the special session of the Illinois legislature by which it empowered the Governor of that State to appoint a board of arbitration to adjudicate in case of labor difficulties, will go far towards redeeming an otherwise inglorious session. The Governor acted immediately upon the matter, and appointed three members of the board, in whose selection he seems to have acted with distinct good judgment. One of the appointees is an ex-judge of the Supreme Court of the State, who bears the solitary distinction of having resigned that office. A second is a capitalist, a large employer of labor, who has so borne himself towards his employees as to win their respect and confidence, and the third is a leader among workmen, who in his efforts for his fellows has deserved and gained the confidence of both parties in the struggle. How far the decisions of the board, so ideally constituted, will be authoritative, can only be known by the result yet in the future, but the recognition of the fact by the highest authorities of the State, that the conflict has in it elements which can best be treated by the calm, deliberate judgment of representative men, rather than by the majesty of the law and the power, civil and military, of the State on the one hand, or by lawless mob violence on the other, is a step toward the attainment of better social conditions than have hitherto prevailed.

ON the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster, it was extensively advertised that the band of the "Coldstream Guards" would be present and supply the music. The government authorities, however, felt unable to allow this, which would have been parallel to the case of the "Marine Band" at Washington being permitted to head a St. Patrick's Day procession, or furnish music for a camp meeting. A brass band, nevertheless, was secured, but it would appear that a little too much liberty of choice was left to the bandmaster, who had no more than the average appreciation of the fitness of things. The result was that the band burst forth in the inspiring strains of Meyerbeer's music for "Ein Feste Burg," the great Lutheran hymn, the watchword of Protestantism!

A RETREAT was held in the island of Iona from the 2nd to the 5th of July, conducted by Father Hollings, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. The Bishop of the diocese gave it the sanction of his presence, and his house on the island was opened for the accommodation of guests. The Eucharist was celebrated each morning according to the Scottish rite, and the addresses and meditations were given in the Bishop's chapel. On one afternoon the company, without disregarding the rule of silence, visited the spots rendered sacred by events in the life of St. Columba. Such were the Angel's Hill, where, as Adamnan relates, the saint was seen wrapt in prayer surrounded by angels; the Machair plain, washed by the waves of the Atlantic, where shortly before his death he blessed the field and labors of the monks; the wayside cross which marks the place of the pathetic farewell between St. Columba and the monastery horse; and finally, the "Torr Abb," a hillock opposite the west door of the cathedral, whence the dying saint blessed his monastery and foretold the future fame of Iona. At each "station" the narrative suited to the spot was read aloud from Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba." The weather was fine and bright, and the marvelous beauties of sea, mountain, and island, which distinguish this place, so celebrated in the history of the British Church, were seen to the best advantage. The subject of the Retreat was "The Voice of God," and the motto, "My sheep hear My voice."

THE *St. John's Echo*, published by the students in our mission in Shanghai, says: "China has never suffered such a disaster before as she has met now, defeated by her long-despised neighbor, Japan. It seems almost incredible. If she is so weak, and failed to resist even Japan, how would it be possible for her to face greater powers? We are looking forth with longing eyes to the changes that must happen in China, unless she would become extinct." In the same journal Tsing-Kong Woo makes an appeal to his countrymen. "Cast off," he says, "the useless and hurtful old customs, abhor the disgraceful practice of bribery, revive the patriotic spirit, desire every improvement, and do something good for China with a willing and energetic heart."

THERE seems to be a dreary consensus of opinion in the denominational press of all affiliations to fling scorn and contempt on all attempts to accomplish Church unity on the Chicago-Lambeth basis. *The Presbyterian* says: "If Church unity requires the abandonment of denominational life and the extinction of historic records, it is a hopeless undertaking. . . . Denominations generally love their distinctive principles too well, and are prospering too much under their separate modes of advancing the Redeemer's kingdom, to give up their ecclesiastical identity and merge themselves under a common banner, and go back upon their past." With here and there an exception this is the tone of the comments on the efforts and suggestions made by the Church through corporate action or individual endeavor towards the suppression of schism, for Church unity means this or it means nothing. There is food for thought in this. If the question arise, "What use then, in this endeavor," this column is not the place for an answer except perhaps in the suggestion, that though they who sought the Fountain of Youth fell by the wayside and died without the sight, they yet exploited and developed a new world. He who went forth to seek the Holy Grail and passed his life in the search, found Him whose life the Grail enshrined.

AMONG the questions with which the candidates in the recent general election were "heckled," were such as the following: 1. Are you in favor of taking away from the Church money which has been given to it by private persons? (If the candidate mentioned a date he was asked why that particular date.) 2. Are you in favor of depriving pew-openers, organ-blowers, and other poor people of their employment in or about the church without giving them any compensation? (The Welsh Bill only compensated persons who had a life interest.) 3. Are you in favor of depriving curates of their means of livelihood without compensation? 4. Are you in favor of taking away churchyards from Church people? 5. Are you in favor of depriving Church people of the right to get married in church? (The Bill would have this effect.) 6. Are you in favor of allowing the people of a parish who wish to keep their church and church property in spite of Disestablishment, to do so? Questions like these were likely to have a wholesome educating effect upon the voters themselves as well as upon the candidates.

The Evangelical and Oxford Movements

A MONOGRAPH

BY THE REV. EDWIN S. HOFFMAN

I

From the death of Henry VIII until the close of the seventeenth century the religious history of England was not unlike a chess board, in which each party was striving to checkmate the others, thus to achieve its own ascendency. It was not a war of intolerance on one side against a struggle for religious liberty on the other, as a large school of writers would have us believe. There were those without the Church of England who maintained allegiance to the Church of Rome, and within the Established Church were two hostile parties, Churchmen and Puritans. On the one side, the Romanists would destroy the independence of the Church, as schismatical; on the other, the Puritans would destroy all her Apostolic institutions, because they existed before the Reformation, and were therefore a part and parcel with popery, which the Puritans repudiated and abhorred *in toto*.

The truth of the matter is, that the contention between the two parties was irreconcilable. There was no compromise between them. Each was destructive of the other. When, at the Savoy Conference it was proposed, as a compromise, that the orders of those clergymen who had Presbyterian ordination be recognized as equally valid with those having Episcopal ordination, it had the appearance of a liberal proposition; but in truth by it the Puritan yielded no principle, yet gained all he contended for, while the Churchman yielded everything; and to have accepted the proposition would have resulted in nothing less than the destruction of the ancient English Church. It is to be noted that the decision of this conference adversely to the Puritan contention, which was in reality the contention of the Protestantism of the continent, especially of Geneva, defined the position of the Church of England with relation to Protestantism, and we may add that that position remains unchanged to the present day. The result of this position on her part was that henceforth nonconformity had to find its liberty outside the Church.

Religious tolerance is the product of the present century. Through the long struggles of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was unknown. Each religious party resisted the other as the teacher of religious error, therefore to be suppressed. Under "Bloody Mary," persecutions were inaugurated to enforce obedience to Rome. Under Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., we have continual parliamentary legislation, the purpose of which was to destroy Romanism and to root Puritanism out of the Church. And at last, when Puritanism itself became dominant under the Commonwealth, Cromwell's little finger was as the loins of those who had gone before him in religious intolerance. The last martyr at the stake was burned under a Puritan Archbishop (Abbot). It seems the irony of history that in the American colonies the most intolerant religious party was the Puritans of New England, while the most tolerant was the Roman Catholic colony of Maryland.

For one hundred and fifty years there was this intense and bitter struggle for religious supremacy. The Savoy Conference of 1661, followed by the Act of Uniformity in 1662, at last settled matters between Churchmen and Nonconformists, as far as their ecclesiastical relations were concerned; and the overthrow of the House of Stuart, with their strong Roman Catholic proclivities, and the accession of William and Mary, secured England against any further Roman interference through royal favor.

The result of this was what might reasonably have been expected. The people were thoroughly wearied with religious dissention; they longed for rest, which when quiet was restored quickly ran into deism and rationalistic latitudinarianism, and on the part of the masses into religious indifference. It was not an age especially characterized by licentiousness, as was that following the restoration of Charles II, but rather by a general relaxation of all higher spiritual and moral tone.

The influence of the clergy was on the side of morality; but the time of many was given in large measure to fox hunting and the popular pleasures of their time. Those religious questions which so powerfully moved England during the preceding century were ignored by them. The authority of the early Fathers was disregarded, the sacramental system was repudiated, and the supernatural element in religion was reduced to a minimum.

Lecky, in his "England in the Eighteenth Century" (Vol. II. Ch. IX.), thus describes the Church teaching of this period. "The essential and predominating characteristics of the prevailing theology were the prominence that was given to external morality as distinguished both from dogma and from all forms of emotion, and the assiduity with which preachers labored to establish the purely rational character of Christianity. It was the leading object of the skeptics of the time to assert the sufficiency of natural religion. It was the leading object of a large portion of the divines to prove that Christianity was little more than natural religion credited by historic proofs and enforced by indispensable sanctions of rewards and punishments. Beyond a belief in the doctrine of the Trinity and a general acknowledgment of the veracity of the Gospel narratives, they taught little that might not have been taught by the disciples of Socrates or Confucius. They labored to infuse a higher tone into the social and domestic spheres, to make men energetic in business, moderate in pleasure, charitable to the poor, upright, honorable, and dutiful in every relation of life. While acknowledging the imperfection, they sincerely respected the essential goodness of human nature, dwelt much upon the infallible authority of the moral sense, and explained away or neglected all doctrines that conflicted with it. Sobriety, moderation, and good sense, were their cardinal virtues, and they looked with great disfavor upon appeals to the feelings, and upon every form of enthusiasm. The course of life which most promotes happiness in this life was represented as securing it in the next, and the truth of Christianity was wholly dependent upon a chain of reasoning and evidence differing in no essential respect from that which is required in ordinary history or science."

Deism was the form which infidelity took, with such champions as Hume and Bolingbroke, and its great issue was with the doctrine of the Trinity. This controversy produced some eminent defenders of the Faith in such men as Warburton, Waterland, Sherlock, Berkeley, Horne, and pre-eminently in Bishop Butler, in his great work, the "Analogy of Religion."

The reason given by the author for writing the "Analogy" gives such an insight into the times that I quote: "It has come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."

Archbishop Potter, in an official charge in 1738, speaks in like manner: "An open and professed disregard to religion is become, through a variety of unhappy causes, a distinguishing character of the present age. . . . Indeed, it hath already brought in such dissoluteness and contempt of principle in the highest part of the world, and such profligate intemperance and fearlessness of committing crimes in the lower, as must, if the torrent of impiety stop not, become absolutely fatal. And God knows, far from stopping, it receives, from the ill design of some persons and the inconsiderateness of others, a continual increase. Christianity is now ridiculed and railed at with very little reserve, and the teachers of it without any at all."

(*To be continued.*)

The New York Cathedral

The cathedral of St. John the Divine is beginning to rise into distinct view, upon the high ground at Morningside Drive and the Cathedral Parkway. The six great granite piers which will form the upper portion of the foundation of the choir at the eastern end of the cathedral, stand complete and in full sight some 30 feet above the roadbed of the drive. The concrete foundation from which will rise the great central tower, 450 feet in height, and the foundation of the choir as well, have just been completed; two of the granite piers supporting the main piers have been brought to their full height, and the foundations under the eastern half of the cathedral have reached a point of completion where careful inspection of the work gives some intelligent idea of what is to come.

As the readers of THE LIVING CHURCH already know, the point on which the cathedral is being erected is among the highest on Manhattan Island. When the tower is completed, its summit will be by far the highest point from which one can look over New York City. Even now from the top of the huge granite piers, one can obtain a commanding view of the upper part of the city.

The approach to the grounds is at present best made through the Cathedral Parkway to the old-time entrance to the Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum—the large yellow brick building which has stood on the heights for more than half a century. The name, Cathedral Parkway, is a new one, and applies to the broad thoroughfare now being widened out of 110th st., between Central Park and the Hudson river. It will be a connecting driveway between the park and both Morningside and Riverside drives, and through one of the finest parts of the future metropolis. Parallel with it, on the opposite side of the cathedral, is 113th st., which is the boundary between the close and the property of the new St. Luke's Hospital.

At the entrance to the grounds is a sign announcing services in the temporary cathedral chapel. This chapel is in the east wing of the old asylum, which still stands intact among fine oaks and elms. In part of the grounds are huge piles of the "rotten" rock taken from the excavations of the cathedral. This rock, as already described in the columns of THE LIVING CHURCH, was the cause of much trouble and expense to the trustees, as it had to be entirely removed before the present base could be reached upon solid strata. When excavations were begun in 1893, and this rotten rock was discovered, all work had to be stopped. Then borings were taken with a diamond drill all over the ground covered. It was nearly a year before these borings were ended. Some of these showed that one hole at least 55 feet below grade would have to be excavated, and this directly under the southern end of the transept.

With the bearings thus defined, the excavations were begun in 1894 by J. J. Hopper, who secured the work at a competitive bidding. The contract called for the excavations only under the choir and the great tower, the whole covering about one-half the distance east and west of the entire length to be ultimately provided for. This work, embodying some 35,000 cubic yards of excavation, was completed early in the present spring, except for the southern end of the transept, which comes upon ground still covered by a part of the Leake and Watts structure. The contract for laying the foundation was given to Sooy Smith & Co., well-known building engineers, who have built the foundations for some of the tallest office buildings in the city. They began work before Mr. Hopper had finished.

To one now looking down at the work the most noticeable feature is the great array of enormous derricks. There are seven of them within a space of 300 feet square. They are 75 feet high, and seemingly have arms as long. They are used in handling the large blocks of Maine granite, or in carrying the great iron buckets of concrete. The beds of concrete next attract the eye by their very immensity, although the eye cannot take in their depth. When one is told that some of these beds will be called upon to support a weight of 34,000,000 pounds, he comprehends why there had to be so many patient borings. This weight will be caused by the central tower. The beds run all the way from 25 to 100 feet in width, being widest at the north and south ends of the transept. Their depth averages about 30 feet, while to fill the big hole under the southern end of the transept, the concrete has been rammed to the depth of 35 feet into a wedge shaped foundation, where two ledges of rock slope together. The concrete itself is generally acknowledged by engineers and builders to be the most perfect kind of foundation work. It is composed of sand and small stones mixed with Portland cement, and when put down becomes as hard as rock.

The piers that form the foundation of the choir are of granite, 14 feet deep, 28 feet long, and 12 feet high. The capping piers rise 20 feet above these, to what will be the floor level of the choir. Each of the granite blocks composing them measnres 5 feet in length and has a weight of 5 tons.

The central tower will rest upon four main piers, each of which will be strengthened by three subsidiary piers. Two of the latter have just been completed. They measure 28 by 20 feet, and rise 20 feet. These will support what are generally known as flying buttresses, which form a lateral support for the tower, and will be concealed in the cathedral walls. The foundations of the choir extend to within 20 feet of Morningside Drive. This intervening space will be used for the erection of chapels around the eastern end of the choir. The eastern choir walls are, however, to be built up without openings, since the chapels will be built one at a time, and openings through the walls leading to them can then be made. There have been 250 men at work at a time, and the number is now 200. In a little wooden structure on ground just north of the northern end of the transept foundation reposes the corner-stone of the cathedral. As recorded in these columns at the time, it was laid by Bishop Potter, Dec. 27, 1892; but it had to be removed when the subsequent difficulties of laying the foundations unexpectedly developed.

As to the precise prospects for the completion of the foundations of this section, there are yet about 5,000 cubic feet of granite footings to be laid. The work will be pushed until the cold weather sets in. The contractors expect that the foundations for choir and tower will then be completed, except possibly under the southern end of the transept. The contractors assert that there is no other such foundation in the city, or probably in the country, except for the Brooklyn Bridge piers.

The building committee of the trustees, consisting of the Very Rev. Dean Hoffman, and Messrs. J. R. Roosevelt and Samuel D. Babcock, are keeping a close oversight of the work. The estimated cost of the present section and its furnishings is $900,000. Since the original plans of the architects, Messrs. Hains & La Farge, were accepted, there have been many modifications in details, and some in the larger features of the cathedral. A restudy of the plans has shown how much more satisfactory results could be obtained, and as the work moves on there will be other modifications. The principal change has been made in the eastern end of the cathedral, and of the tower. Not much has been done as yet in the direction of modification in the main body of the edifice, since it is uncertain when its construction will be proceeded with. As to the central tower, the height of its vertical position has been changed, greater length being given to it. The slope of the spire has also been altered, it now being at a smaller angle and with a view to more symmetrical proportions.

The whole exterior of the eastern end of the choir has been considerably re-arranged. The proportions of the windows have been changed. One of the chief of these modifications, considered by the architects as a very great improvement, has been the lifting of the great columns which close the apse, so that now they will be one story high up to the springing of the vault. These columns are six feet in diamater, and will now be 66½ feet in height to the capitals. This modification will give an exceedingly high ambulatory. Many smaller alterations have been made. Such changes will be continued from time to time until each part of the work goes into the hands of the stone-cutter.

It is impossible to predict when the choir will be completed. Whether a part of the Leake and Watts building will be torn down this fall for the completion of the foundation work under the southern end of the transept is merely a matter of conjecture. The architects are convinced that the present work is being done in the most satisfactory manner. Modifications in the dimensions of the cathedral have been made since the original plans were adopted. These dimensions are now as follows: Total length, 520 feet; total width of transepts, 290 feet; width of front, 192 feet; height of front gable, 164 feet; height of front towers, 248 feet; height of flanking towers, 158 feet; height of central lantern, 445 feet; height of dome (interior), 253 feet; width of nave, 92 feet; span of lantern, 96 feet; length of choir and ambulatory, 154 feet.

Work among Deaf-Mutes

The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, New York, was incorporated in October, 1872, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of adult deaf-mutes. It is managed by 25 trustees, the Bishop of New York being president *ex-officio*. Its missionaries and associates conduct sign services in the principal cities of the five dioceses in the State of New York; in the six dioceses of New England, and the diocese of Newark. The 12th Sunday after Trinity offerings in Western New York and Central New York should be sent to the diocesan treasurers for the support of the Rev. C. Orvis Dantzer; in Albany, to the Committee on the Mission to Deaf-mutes for the support of Mr. Henry Van Allen, lay reader; in New England, to St. Andrew's Mission to Deaf-mutes, Chambers st., Boston, towards the support of the Rev. S. Stanley Searing and Mr. Edwin W. Frisbee, lay reader; and in the dioceses of New York, Long Island and Newark, to Mr. Jewett, treasurer (89 Grand st., New York), or the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., general manager, 114 W. 13th st., N. Y. It is earnestly hoped that Church work among deaf-mutes throughout our country will receive special help on the 12th Sunday after Trinity, on which the Gospel recites the miracle of the deaf and dumb man's cure by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

New York City

At the East Side House some important changes have been made under the new superintendent. The character of the workers who come for resident work has improved, and the outlook of the institution is particularly encouraging. Bishop Potter recently made an informal visit.

By the will of the late Chas. Walter Ogden, which was filed in the office of the surrogate, Friday, Aug. 2nd, a legacy of $1,000 was left to the church of the Holy Communion; one of $2,500 to the domestic mission work, and $1,500 to the foreign mission work of the Board of Missions. The will was executed Dec. 29, 1879.

The mission of St. James' church is to receive a splendid benefaction from Miss Rhinelander. She is erecting on a plot of ground 50 feet front a fine mission building, as a combined mission house and chapel. The structure is located close to the Rhinelander School of the Children's Aid Society, and its cost will probably reach about $100,000.

The church of the Beloved Disciple is open all summer, and the services will be carried on during the hot weather in the same manner as during the rest of the year. The parish will be in charge of the rector, the Rev. H. M. Barbour, assisted by a lay reader, the assistant priest, Mr. Acworth having gone to Europe for a vacation.

Since Bishop Potter took up his residence at the pro-cathedral, the boys of the choir, all of whom are children of the neighborhood, have been in the summer home at Tomkins Cove, opposite Peekskill, N. Y., and in consequence the music in the chapel has not been of its customary character, but the Bishop would not listen to any suggestion which contemplated calling the little fellows back from their summer outing on his account. But at the Bishop's final service on the last Sunday in July, special musical features were rendered, and the whole choir were in the chancel. During the previous week, the organist, Mr. W. B. Crabtree, made several visits to Tomkins Cove to rehearse the boys in preparation for this service. At this closing of his officiating at the chapel, the Bishop addressed appropriate remarks to the congregation. He remained in residence part of the following week. At an informal address lately made at the East Side House, he expressed himself as having enjoyed his work, and learned much. He warmly commended the people.

Mr. Ebenezer Kellogg Wright, a vestryman of Trinity church, died Sunday, Aug. 4th, after an illness of less than two weeks. He was born July 28, 1837, at Wright's Settlement, in Oneida Co., N. Y. which had been founded by his great-grandfather in 1789. The family came in 1620, on the "Mayflower." He was descended on both his father's and mother's sides from soldiers of the Revolution, and in virtue of this was a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Coming to New York in 1859, he became paying teller in the Park Bank. From this position he rose to the top, and for many years before his death was president of the bank. Mr. Wright was also an organizer of the State Trust Co. In 1894 Hamilton College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. The burial service was at Trinity church, Wednesday, Aug. 7th, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Dix. The New York Chamber of Commerce, the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Society of Colonial Wars sent delegations. A number of prominent bankers, and members of the vestry of Trinity church, acted as pall bearers. The church was filled with bankers, merchants, and prominent business men. The services were choral throughout. Both the great and chancel organs were used. The floral tributes numbered many pieces of great beauty. A large piece was sent by Mr. Wright's Japanese friends. The interment took place Thursday in the little cemetery adjoining the homestead at Wright's Settlement.

Philadelphia

The Rev. George S. Fullerton, Ph. D., vice-provost of the University of Pennsylvania, is making a tour of the prominent universities in Germany, and has recently written home some interesting descriptions of the universities of Heidelberg and Jena.

St. Christopher's Hospital and Dispensary for children is a Church institution, and is doing a great service among the little ones in the northern sections of the city. The Children's Sea-shore House at Atlantic City, for invalid children (the corporate title), while strictly speaking not a Church charity, is yet largely managed by those interested in St. Christopher's. This latter "house" is the first of its kind in the United States, dating from 1872 From time to time additions have been made to the buildings, until in 1890 it accommodated 125 children and 30 mothers. Children over three years of age are cared for by competent nurses in the large airy wards in the main building, and in order that those too young to be separated from their mothers may be benefited, little cottages have been erected for the mothers almost upon the beach. One of them is assigned to each mother with a sick infant; and she may have one or more children with her, and have for herself and them the exclusive use of the cottage, taking care of it and her children, but having her meals in the main building. This summer the managers started out to give every poor, bed-ridden, or crippled child in the city, a visit to the seashore. They asked for contributions, and on donation day, men, women, and children brought their gifts. There were large sums and small ones, the total being $3,368.80. An appeal has gone forth for $1,000, so that the good work may go on until September. A part of the medical staff of St. Christopher's constitute the force at Atlantic City. The physician in chief is the same at both institutions. So far, during the present season, over 200 mothers and children have been and are being provided for.

St. Mark's church, Frankford, the Rev. J. B. Harding, rector, may be termed the banner congregation of the diocese, in that the number of communicauts at present, and in the past, exceeds that of any other parish; and this, notwithstanding the withdrawal of disaffected members some years since, who, with the then curate, abandoned the communion of the Church, and started a congregation of the "Cummings schism." The very large number of 1,181, while there are only 800 sittings in the edifice, has for many years past required two celebrations of the Holy Eucharist on Sacrament Sundays, but with a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion, which has been the rule for several years, and also the same function on holy days, there is no longer any difficulty in communicants receiving; and the two Celebrations on the Lord's Day have been retained. The statistics for the parish during the conventional year are, Baptisms (including 10 adults), 88; presented for Confirmation, 67; marriages, 10; burials, 57; public services on Sundays, 331; on other days, 329. Holy Communion celebrated 131 times; children catecnized weekly; Sunday school and Bible classes (including 84 officers and teachers), 1,224. It is a free church, supported by voluntary offerings. The total receipts for all purposes during the year were $13 914 79; expenditures, the same. There are no encumbrances on the property, the value of which is placed at $40,000. The rector has two assistants, one of whom is yet in deacon's orders. The parish will celebrate its semi-centennial in 1896.

Diocesan News

Chicago

Wm. E. McLaren, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop

Mr. James Watson, organist at the church of the Epiphany, recently installed the new pipe organ at Trinity church, Wheaton. The church was crowded to overflowing, many being unable to gain admission.

The last Confirmation class at Christ church, Woodlawn, has shown its appreciation of the rector's instruction by handing him a substantial sum of money with which to purchase some necessary furniture for the vestibule of the church. An alms box, a rack for papers and cards, and a notice board, all made of oak, have been provided.

Ground has been broken for the new church of the Redeemer, and it is expected that the building will be completed by Nov. 1st. It is not to be a permanent building, but a place large enough for the present pressing need, to be used for a few years until the strength and ability of the people may enable them to erect a handsome stone edifice. It will be a neat and attractive building of brick, running from east to west, with a seating capacity of nearly 500. The chancel will be in the east, the entrance on Fifty-sixth st. being the same for the two buildings, with vestibule between parish house and church. The architect, Mr. Herington, has provided a semi-Gothic interior, with a wide and beautiful chancel. The ceiling and woodwork are of Georgia pine. The lighting will be by electricity, and inside the arches that span the vaulted roof, making a soft and pleasing effect. A space north of the chancel is reserved for the baptismal font, and the organ will be placed at the south. There will be a cozy study or vestry, and the heating apparatus will be of the best construction. The architect's drawings show an extremely Churchly interior.

The church of the Transfiguration commemorated its 10th anniversary on the feast of the Transfiguration, the rector being Celebrant. Amongst the congregation were orphans from the Church Orphanage, aged men from the Home for Old Gentlemen, old ladies from the Home for Aged Gentlewomen, and persons who had been benefited at the Convalescent Homen—institutions started at this altar which have now passed into the care of Church people from different portions of the city.

The orphans were subsequently taken to their Summer Home, near Delafield, Wis. The old folks were given a drive to Jackson Park. The choir went on a tally-ho coach through the parks and boulevards, via Sheridan Drive, to their old tarrying ground near Rogers Park, for an outing.

Michigan

Thomas F. Davies, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

At the request of Bishop Davies, Bishop Hall of Vermont has consented to give a three days' retreat to the clergy of this diocese on his return from the General Convention. The exact date is not yet determined but will probably be the last week of October or the first week in November. The announcement of place and of other particulars will be made later.

Long Island

Abram N. Littlejohn, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

BROOKLYN.—The Rev. R. B. Snowden was at the last meeting of the Southern Archdeaconry appointed a committee to visit Sheepshead Bay and report upon the advisability of establishing a mission there. Reporting favorably, he was empowered by the Rev. Dr. Alsop, Archdeacon, to arrange for services. There being no public hall in the place, a vacant store building was secured and fitted up in a very plain way as a chapel. Christ church, Clinton st., donated a lecturn and other articles; the Bible and Common Prayer Book Society made a grant of Prayer Books and Hymnals. Chairs were purchased, and Mrs. Barling, of Sheepshead Bay, kindly loaned a cabinet organ. Other furnishings were obtained by the Rev. C. M. Allen, deacon, who was secured to conduct the services. The Bishop expressed his hearty approval, and selected the name St. Matthias for the new mission. Preparation having been thus made, it was opened for worship August 4th. Eight scholars and one or two teachers presented themselves at 10 o'clock, when a Sunday school was organized. At 11 o'clock the chapel was filled with a devout and earnestly responsive congregation. During the service and at its close so much interest was shown that Mr. Allen appointed a meeting to be held in the week, when action could be taken by the congregation in furtherance of the work. This mission of St. Matthias is the first church of our Faith that has been established in the 31st ward of Brooklyn, and it will in no long time become an important center of Churchly influence.

The church of the Reformation, the Rev. Dr. J. G. Bacchus, rector, have by legal action changed the name of their parish to the "church of the Incarnation." The reason for this change is that many persons have misunderstood their ecclesiastical relation on account of their name implying connection with a schismatic body that came into existence since the parish was founded.

Massachusetts

William Lawrence, S.T.D., Bishop

NEEDHAM.—A citizen of this town has given an eligible lot for a church building. There are 35 families belonging to the hurch, and morning service is held in a hall, with afternoon service at the adjoining town of Highlandville. The congregations are making worthy attempts towards building a church, but are unable to fulfil this responsibility themselves, and ask for outside help. Donations may be sent to Mr. A. E. Collishaw, Hylandville, Mass.

GT. BARRINGTON.—St. James' parish have been holding their annual mid-summer fair. This is a great social event for the community, and is always generously patronized.

BOSTON.—All Saints' *Chronicle* says a number of clergymen in the diocese have agreed to have celebrations of the Holy Communion on every morning in the year, each taking his own special day, at which time special prayers shall be offered for the maintenance of the true faith in the hearts and minds of all people.

The Episcopal Association has begun a lawsuit against St. Matthew's church, St. Luke's Home for Convalescents, and other societies of the Church, in order to recover the $20,000 of which it was deprived by a codicil in the will of the late Mrs. Agnes A. Smith. This codicil was added for good reasons, and many charities of the diocese are to be benefited by it, but the Episcopal Association consider it an injustice that they have been deprived of their legacy, and propose to gain it by a lawsuit. It will be an amusing case, as it brings one Church society against another in the court.

Southern Virginia

Alfred Magill Randolph, D.D., LL.D. Bishop

St. John's church, City Point, has been very greatly improved by raising the roof and adding a belfry. New windows have been placed in the church, which it is hoped will be filled with stained glass one of these days. The roof in the interior is open and dressed in oil. A new flooring has been laid and the church supplied with a furnace. A beautiful rood-screen separates the chancel from the nave—probably the only one in Virginia.

Kansas

Bishop Williams has appointed Bishop Whipple as the Presiding Bishop for the consecration of the Very Rev. Frank Rosebrook Millspaugh, D.D., as Bishop of Kansas. He has associated with him the bishops of Missouri and Colorado. Bishop Whipple could not make the date the feast of the Transfiguration, August 6th, as desired by the Bishop-elect, and has therefore appointed the next most convenient date; viz, Sept. 19th. This will be in connection with the convention of the diocese, and will save expense to the clergy and laity of this large diocese, 200 by 400 miles. The bishops of Nebraska, West Missouri, South Dakota, the Assistant-Bishop of Minnesota, the missionary bishops of The Platte and Oklahoma, have expressed their intention to be present. They will address the meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary, the Order of the Daughters of the King, which has next to the largest number of chapters in the United States, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. These general meetings will be in session during the meeting of the convention.

Virginia

Francis McN. Whittle, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

John B. Newton, M. D., Assist. Bishop

On Thursday, July 30th, Bishop Whittle consecrated the newly erected Barbour memorial chapel, at Barboursville.

On Sunday, Aug. 4th, the Rev. J. J. McElhinney, formerly professor of Apologetics at the Theological Seminary of Virginia, Alexandria, died at his home, near Falls Church, aged 83 years. For the past year he had been unable to leave his house, hardly his room, on account of bodily weakness, and his death resulted from a gradual decay of physical powers, though his mind retained its clearness. Among the works written by him was a reply to Canon Farrar's work on future punishment, which attracted much attention.

The colored Churchmen of Richmond have about concluded to begin the erection of the church to supersede the present St. Phillip's church. The Rev. J. W. Johnson is the rector, and he is also professor in the Bishop Payne Divinity School, Petersburg. The new church will cost about $4,500.

New Hampshire

William Woodruff Niles, D. D., Bishop

SUGAR HILL.—St. Matthew's church, which has been built by summer tourists visiting this region, is in care of a succession of clergymen. During July the officiating priest was the Rev. Oliver H. Raftery, rector of Trinity church, Portland, Conn. For August it is the Rev. Benjamin S. Sanderson, rector of St. Thomas' church, Bath, diocese of Western New York. In September the Rev. J. Clarence Jones, Ph.D., rector of St. Thomas' church, Brooklyn, will have charge. The church, which was opened last season for the first time, is still unfinished, but will be very churchly and attractive. Its capacity is already overtaxed by the attendance of guests from the neighboring hotels.

North Dakota

Wm. D. Walker, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

In consequence of the great bereavement that has befallen Bishop Walker, in the sudden death of his aged mother, it has been necessary to make changes in the dates of his visitations. We give herewith the revised schedule. Services will be held in the cathedral car, except where otherwise designated:

CONFIRMATIONS, 1895

AUGUST

16. Buffalo.
18. Grace church, Jamestown
19. Sanborn.
20. Dazey.
21. Cooperstown.
23. Eckelson.
25. St. George's church, Bismarck, and Christ church, Mandan.
26. Windsor.
27. Tappan.
28. Dawson.
29. Steele.
30. Sterling.

SEPTEMBER

1. St. John's church, Dickinson.
2. Melville.
3. Pingree.
4. New Rockford.
5. Carrington.
6. Oberon.
8. Indian church, Fort Totten.
9. Minnewaukan.
11. Leeds.
12. Minot.
13. Towner.
15. Church of Advent, Devil's Lake, and church of Good Shepherd, Lakota.
16. Larimore.
17. Northwood.
19. St. Bartholomew's church, Forest River.
20. Grafton.
21. Walshville.

The car is filled at the services, even in the smallest places, and the interest is greater than ever before.

Pittsburgh

Cortlandt Whitehead, D. D., Bishop

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS

SEPTEMBER

1. Trinity, Fisher's Island.
8. Trinity, New York City.
13. Ascension, Washington.
15. Trinity, St. Luke's, Georgetown; St. Paul's, Fairview.
16. Holy Innocents', Leechburg.
17. Executive Committee Board of Missions; Guild of St. Barnabas for Nurses.
18. St. Barnabas', Tarentum.
19. Christ, Indiana.
20. Trinity, Freeport.
22. Trinity, Pittsburgh.
23–24. St. Paul's, Kittanning, Convocation.
29. St. Michael's and All Angels', Duluth, Minn.

ERIE.—On Sunday, July 28th, at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., services in the sign language were held in the chapel of St. Paul's church. In the evening a combined service was held by the Rev. Mr. Matthews, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Mann, the general missionary to the deaf-mutes, who interpreted the service and address for the benefit of the deaf-mutes in the congregation.

Pennsylvania

Ozi W. Whittaker, D.D., Bishop

ARDMORE.—The business of St. Mary's laundry has increased to such an extent that it has become necessary to enlarge its capacities; so a new building has been bought, and fitted up with the latest machinery for laundry purposes, a stable built, horses and delivery wagon bought, and the removal made from the old building. The laundry is one of the charitable institutions of this parish, and is now making a profit of $1,200 a year.

St. Mary's mission at Toddtown continues to be a very great success, and this success is owing to the self denying efforts of two vestrymen of St. Mary's parish.

Maryland

William Paret, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

BALTIMORE.—The trustees of church charities now hold no less than 25 funds, to the amount of $75,268.

Funds are being raised at Holy Cross chapel, the Rev. Wm. A. Henderson, in charge, for a memorial to the late Benjamin Burge Griswold, D.D., who had been for 19 years the rector, and who died in May, 1894. The memorial will be either a baptismal font or a stained glass window. A nucleus for a new church building fund has been started, and next spring, it is expected, the chapel will become a full-fledged church and be admitted into the church convention.

The Rev. John S. Long, LL. D., of Newberne, N. C., is in this city, upon a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Yost.

The Rev. Frederick W. Clampett, D.D., rector of St. Peter's church, has returned from a trip to England, much benefited in health. In the journey he rode 850 miles on a bicycle.

On Wednesday, July 31st, thieves robbed the church of the Holy Comforter of articles valued at $10, the property of the Ladies' Aid Society. The discovery of the robbery was made by the Rev. J. Gibson Gantt, the rector.

The Rev. John N. McCormick, of Suffolk, Va., who has accepted a call to St. Luke's church, Atlanta, Ga., was formerly pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore.

BEL AIR.—The Rev. R. A. Castleman, the new rector of Emmanuel church, and family, have arrived. The ladies of the congregation have made every effort to make the cozy rectory attractive inside.

ST. MARGARET'S.—The corner-stone of the new church which is being built on the site of the historic old St. Margaret's church was laid Monday, Aug. 5th, with Masonic honors by Annapolis Lodge, No. 89, A. F. and A. M. This is the third church built on the site. An older one was built on an estate called Severn Heights, owned by the heirs of Jacob Winchester. Time has erased all traces of this building except a part of the brick foundation and a few tombstones which were in the churchyard. The first church erected on this site was a frame building. It was accidentally set on fire by workmen who were building an addition and destroyed. Some of the parish books were burned at this time, making it impossible to give dates The second church was built about 55 years ago, it having a seating capacity of 100, and built of brick. This church was erected chiefly by private subscription. This becoming dilapidated and unfit for use, it was decided to replace it by the present one. For this purpose a fund was started by the Rev. Charles S. Spencer, who was rector at the time. Collections and other amounts to date amounted to $800; $1,000 was borrowed July, 1895. The contractor will build the new church for $2,000.

South Carolina

Ellison Capers, D.D., Bishop

It is announced that the youngest son of Bishop Capers, Mr. Walter Capers, is to become a candidate for Holy Orders. He will study at the Theological Seminray of Virginia, Alexandria, Va.

The Rev. Toomer Porter, D.D., in a letter acknowledging receipt of some money remitted to him from the church of the Holy Comforter, Charleston, towards the payment of the debt owing by the Diocesan Board of Missions, says: "Collections have been very poor; have only been able to pay $375 on the $1,558 note in Columbia. July 30th have $550 to pay in Bank of Charleston; hope to scrape this up. See no way in the world of paying the missionaries in August."

Bishop Capers, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Evans and the Rev. Messrs. Mitchell, Joyner, Gregory, and Benedict, recently laid the corner-stone of St. Timothy chapel, Columbia, a mission conducted by the church of the Good Shepherd.

The work on the new church of the Redeemer, Orangeburg, the Rev. J. H. Tillinghast, rector, is progressing favorably, and it is hoped it will be sufficiently advanced to permit services to be held in the building by the 1st of September.

Mr. Wm. G. Mazyck has so far this summer kept up the services at the church of the Holy Cross, Sullivan's Island. The Charleston clergy have from time to time visited the station and celebrated the Holy Communion and preached.

West Virginia

Geo. Wm. Peterkin, D.D., LL.D., Bishop

The Rev. A. K Fenton has changed his headquarters to Parkersburg, and is looking after the various missions contiguous to that city, under the direction of the Bishop.

Reminiscences of a Missionary Bishop

BY THE RT. REV. DANIEL S. TUTTLE, D.D., BISHOP OF MISSOURI, AND FIRST MISSIONARY BISHOP OF MONTANA, IDAHO, AND UTAH.

"Old Jersey" is a name dear to me. I began ministerial life in 1862 as a country parson in a large rural parish at Morris, Otsego county, New York. Though not so good a man I was more opulent than Goldsmith's village pastor, for I was "passing rich on eighty pounds a year." I needed a horse. I bought "Old Jersey." He had spirit and a lineage. He had been raced and had won. But he had been mistreated and was somewhat broken. Else I could never have afforded to own him. I fed and groomed and took all care of him myself, and I am not ashamed to say I loved him. He returned my affection with what I would like to call conscientious devotion. In one thing, however, he was amazingly willful. If another beast came alongside when on the road, he shook the stiffness from his legs and sped like the wind, allowing none to pass. Embarrassing disavowals on my part about racing were often called for. If I scolded him for it, he seemed almost to wink his eye humorously at me, as 'twere to say: "Master, I wouldn't injure you for the world. But I like you to keep ahead. Besides, blood tells, I can't help it."

Dear "Old Jersey!" It's many a year since we parted. I

am writing this bit of grateful record about you, for you contributed no little toward making your friend and companion into a bishop!

The many missionary trips made by "Jersey" over the hills and along the valleys of Otsego attracted the attention of Bishop Horatio Potter. He said nothing. He was equally quick to observe and slow to speak. But in October, 1866, his naming me in the House of Bishops elected me to be the Missionary Bishop of Montana, Idaho, and Utah. So the dear old horse himself, by calling attention to me and procuring my advancement, had contributed unwittingly to the sundering of the ties that bound us together. For it was impossible for me to take him with me to the Rocky Mountains.

No wonder that in the forty-three thousand miles of stage-coach riding which I accomplished in those mountains I liked best to sit outside with the driver and see the horses. Nor any wonder that the drivers and I were friends. Bluff, reticent, self-centered, independent fellows they were. I have been comrades with different hundreds of them at all hours of the day and night. And for unflinchingness in honest discharge of duty I never met a class their superiors. Of all I have known only three can I remember as drunk when on duty. Two I helped over their beat, with some trepidation in one case, for my own little boy was traveling with me. In the third case we were upset. But it was in the mud, and we were more soiled than injured. As for real kindness, spite of their gruff outside, it filled their big hearts full. To protect a woman or child they would take off their own needed wraps at any time of biting cold. One sent me a cordial message from far off on the Northern Pacific Railroad the other day. Last winter, after a service in the cathedral in St. Louis, one came into the vestry, proud to bring his wife with him and to claim in her presence the tie of our old friendship. One was my valued and loved sexton in St. Mark's, Salt Lake City. One who had gone from his driver's box to keeping a saloon, when I came to his town for services, closed his saloon, came over to help take my books and belongings to the school-house for the service, lighted up for me, and welcomed the congregation which he helped to drum up in the afternoon. One met me as I came into town once, and said: "Bishop, I know you are to preach to-morrow, Sunday, and I would like to go to church. But, to be honest, I want to tell you a circus has come into this town, and I haven't seen a circus since I was a boy. It's going to show just when you preach. I must go to the circus, but I want to help along your side, too, if you'll let me," and he slipped a ten-dollar gold piece into my hand and turned away. Ah, the sturdy old knights of the "whip" and "ribbons!" They did noble duty for mails and passengers in trying times. Grateful memories of them are stored in a warm nook of my heart. How scattered we old friends are! I wish I could take their hands all once more in a hearty grasp. How I hope that one and another have turned to love God and to serve Him through the good Elder Brother, Jesus Christ.

The upset which I spoke of was in Echo Canon, Utah, before any railroad had reached the Salt Lake Valley. The coach was filled with passengers. It was just before daybreak. As we went over into the mud, I was on the side which was down. An excited passenger above was using all his power of feet as well as hands in frantic efforts to open the coach door and get out. The feet played a lively tattoo upon my poor head. Is it necessary to say that I protested vigorously? Two of the passengers were the actors Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport. I helped carry Mrs. Davenport out of the slough to dry land. In one of their subsequent tours, many years after, I paid my respects to her in Salt Lake City, and we laughed together, as is permissible when all ends well, over the incident.

Among the actors, too, I have found friends and helpers. In 1867 in the log-built "Planter's House," in Virginia City, Montana, I was fellow-guest with Mr. E. W. Couldock and his daughter. Five years after, Eliza Couldock lay sick in Salt Lake, alone, for her father was obliged to be absent on duty. She sent for me. I took the father's place as well as I could. I baptized her, and gave her the Holy Communion, and her body lies buried in "Mt. Olivet" on the hillside overlooking the Mormon city. Her touching thanks and assured peace were among the precious rewards with which a merciful Lord has blessed my life.

That same winter, in Virginia City, "Jack Langrishe," with his wife and dramatic company, came along. At the same hotel I made their acquaintance. On Sundays, Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe both took care to come to church. Subsequently one of his company became a vestryman in one of our mountain parishes. Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe I met frequently for seventeen years. I last paid my respects to them in 1885, in the Cœur d'Alene region of Idaho. In my last visit, a few months since, from Mr. Couldock I asked him about "Jack Langrsihe." "Why, bless you," he said, "he is the Hon. J. S. Langrishe, a member of the Legislature of the State of Idaho." A few days afterward I noticed an item in a Church paper, that "Mr. and Mrs. Langrishe have ventured in their advanced years to take a long and weary ride of sixty miles to give their help in an entertainment for the benefit of —— church, and this, too, of their own earnest wish." I sat down and wrote a letter to them; I thanked them for all that they had done for me in past days, and said that, good and true as I had always found them to be, my heart was glad to know of the continuance of their steadfast love and loyalty to the Church and her Lord.

One upsetting I have spoken of. Perhaps it may be well to mention another, "to point a moral" rather than "to adorn a tale." It was near "Robbers' Roost," on the road to Montana. Few were in the coach, but I was again inside, and on the same seat with me was one of my school teachers, Mahlon N. Gilbert, now Assistant Bishop of Minnesota. In the middle of the night the coach went over on a stony hillside. We were none of much hurt. I fell atop this time. Gilbert was underneath. In scrambling to get out I ground my boot heels in poor Gilbert's face in a marking as well as a marked way. Utterly oblivious was I of the protests I had made in Echo Canyon. Ah! consistency, what a rare jewel art thou! Do you ask of such, or such an one, "What did he say?" "What did he do?" I can answer you almost with eyes blinded and ears stopped, if you will first advise me of this, "Was he atop, or was he underneath?"

Another companion I loved. It was "Dick." "Dick" was a cat, white all over. At the "Planters' House" it was evident I could not stay long. It cost too much. For board and the cuddy-hole of a room, twenty-five dollars per week. For laundering, three dollars per dozen, little pieces counting for units as well as big. I do not smoke, but am fond of fruit, and wanted an apple or an orange once in a while. Price, often one dollar apiece, never less than fifty cents. A bath sometimes was a Christian necessity, and in a room and tub large enough for the occasion, cost two dollars each time. So I found an unoccupied miner's cabin. A friend of the owner said I might have it for the winter rent free. The roof was of dirt spread a foot deep on poles. I put a board roof over the dirt, for fear of water deluging my bed some night. With the help of half a dozen good women I furnished the cabin with decent simplicity. Good women were very scarce in those days; only a score or two of them, and almost no little children, in the whole town of two thousand people. Then I moved in and took my meals at a neighbor's at ten dollars per week. Destitute myself of the knack of making a bed so as to be solacing to the toes, I engaged "Solomon," a son of Africa, to come twice a week to do that work—price, three dollars weekly. Other days I crept in at night into the cylindrical vacuum out of which I had crawled in the morning. People were kind to me, but they were mad for gold, and cared only for mining it. I was very lonely. I had been married only two years, and the wife and little one were in Otsego county, a month from me by the winter's mail. I had not expected to spend that winter in the mountains. But not one clergyman was in all Montana, and I felt I must stay to be the one pastor. So I stayed in a sixteen months' absence from wife and child. At times my loneliness was very distressing. Then I found "Dick." I took him into the cabin. He slept on the foot of the bed. Of right cold nights I would find him snuggling in beside me between the sheets. When going away on duty in the morning I would leave him outside the cabin for the day. On getting back, he would run down the hillside to meet me, and arch his back and rub against my legs, and purr, and say in the cat language, "I'm mighty glad to see you back; I've been lonesome. Come, let's go in." A dear, faithful fellow, and a blessed comfort he was to me all that winter.

A mining superintendent and I became good friends. He knew how fond I was of "Dick." My friend, when in town from the mine, often used to come and stay with me. Once "Dick" was sick, very sick. As we kneeled one night to say our private prayers, my friend, on rising, said: "Bishop, I have been praying for 'Dick' to get well. I couldn't help it. I know what he is to you." "Dick" did get well. But now long since he is dead. He knew I loved him. It does my heart good to record my long-felt thanks to him right here.

My mining friend was a Presbyterian. Yet before he left Montana he gave me a house and lot worth $1,200 for a rectory, and chancel furniture for the church I was building, worth $600. A year after I confirmed him in New York. He is now a faithful layman of the diocese of New Hampshire, Mr. James H. Gamble, of North Conway.

My many and long stage rides I got along with right well. Begrimed with thick layers of alkali dust in our rainless region, I always was. I wore for traveling an old suit of gray and a felt hat of the color of the dust. When coming in from a trip I was not an attractive personage. Once in Idaho on such an occasion the Rev. Mr. Unsworth and the Rev. Mr. Bleecker met me. They were neatly dressed young men. We went together into the eating-room of the station. A new manager was in there, who did not, as most of the mountain business men, know me. So as the young parsons stepped to the nicer table for their meal, he laid his finger on my arm and pointed me to a less nice place in a corner. I was amused. I let the young men go on. There was not much time for the meal, anyway. So I went by myself and did justice to it. Mr. Bleecker told me afterwards he took time to say to the man: "We wouldn't object at all to having that man (meaning me) eat with us." Clothes count. It is right they should, too, when they mean cleanliness. But I didn't mind, and enjoyed some hearty laughing over the incident.

My ability to sleep was what saved me from wear and tear in stage riding. Only once do I recall being really worn out. It was on a trip to Boise from Kelton, three hundred miles or more. I was alone. The driver most of the way had a chum with him, so I could not ride outside. I was in the smaller kind of coach called a "jerker." And the jerks were one long succession of unseatings, disturbings, discomposings, and dislocations. I reached Boise in an unnerved and used-up condition. A well-loaded coach was always far easier to ride in than an empty one. For once I clean gave out. I had neither spunk nor humor left to emulate one whom I had heard of in a similar plight. His story is this: One day the six horse coach came rolling up under the crack of the driver's whip at the Wells-Fargo office in Denver. A large number of men were gathered around, as always in the early days when the stage from the plains came in. The door of the coach was thrown open, and a passenger leaped out. It was seen he had been alone. He quickly stepped across the street, and, by what the boys call a handspring, stood himself on his head against the wall of a building. The crowd muttered: "There's a chap been made crazy by the long ride." This, by the way, was not an unknown experience. Finally one went across and said: "Stranger, what's the matter?" Bringing himself right side up, and looking fixedly at his interlocutor, he replied: "Well, my friend, that's the only position in which I haven't been in that stage during the last three or four days, and I wanted to enjoy for a bit a real novel sensation."

In staging, save in that Boise trip, I seldom or never grumbled. That was a letter commendatory, had I needed it, to my friends the drivers. Nor more than once can I remember did I have tronble with fellow-passengers. Then a man who called himself a doctor spoke and acted insultingly toward a colored woman in the stage. I knew her as the faithful servant of an army officer at one of the garrisons. I gave the man a piece of my mind, and so forcibly that at the next station he sneaked away to stay behind and take the next day's coach.

A story has been circulated that I had best give the truth of, even though it take me a long way from my missionary field. When I was a student at the General Theological Seminary, one summer evening at an early hour I got into one of the stages which then ran down Broadway to the Fulton Ferry. A little later two men, a tall and a short one, got in. They were smoking. A lady in the stage showed evident signs of distress. I asked her if the smoking was offensive. She said, yes. So I asked the men to quit. The short one threw away his cigar. The tall one did not. I put my hand on his knee, and said: "Sir, this lady objects, and you can't smoke your cigar in this stage." "Are you the boss of the stage?" said he. "Yes," I replied, "that far." So he threw away the cigar.

The two men got out a little before we reached Fulton Ferry. I went aboard the boat and out on the deck, looking toward Brooklyn. Soon the two men appeared. The tall one came near and said: "So you are the boss of the stage, eh?" I moved quietly away to the other side of the deck. They followed me, and something else insolent was said. I thought patience had run its course, and I answered with a blow. The result surprised me, I am sure, as much as the man who received it. Perhaps it did not pain me as much. The tall man fell, and in falling carried down his short friend. Both lay sprawling on the deck. I had no idea I had hit so hard. But I was twenty-four years old, and had done something at boxing. The short man was up quickly and at me. But my blood was up then, and I leveled him again with a blow. Then two neck-hands seized me, and said: "We can have no fighting here." All this was as the ferryboat was steaming to Brooklyn. As we landed, my two men made their complaint to a policeman. He marched me off to the station house. Call it "push" or "pull," as you like, I know the sensation of being in the official hands of a policeman. The sergeant at the station house received and recorded the complaint. A gentleman whom, though a stranger, I had the wit to bring with me, because he was a witness in the stage and on the boat, told his story. The sergeant said to the complainants. "I shall let this man go; you must make your complaint in New York." That was the last I heard or saw of the two men. I left the bar of justice, as I had come to it, attended by a motley crowd of gamins, whose comments were not all unfavorable upon "the tall feller in gray," as they called me. I was a good deal amused, but, saying to myself, "A queer cutting up this for you, my boy," I hurried away to make the now belated call upon my Brooklyn friend.

That true story about the hot-blooded young New York theologue, enlarged, adorned, flavored, and illustrated, has been told far and wide of the sober, berobed Bishop of the Rocky Mountains. This is a very egotistic article. I hope to be forgiven for having written it. I meant to jot down something of historic value about the precious missionary work. But, alas! I have drifted into all these Boswellianisms. Though, indeed, dear old Boswell was anything but egotistical.—*St. Andrew's Cross.*

The Living Church

Chicago, August 17, 1895

Rev. C. W. Leffingwell, Editor and Proprietor

The Episcopal Recorder (R. E.) has discovered that the exchange of the black gown for the surplice is an "inevitable evidence of advancing Churchmanship." Yes, it is inevitable, that is, it is surely coming; in fact, it has come to stay, and there is scarcely a black gown worn in any of our pulpits. But what of it! Are the sermons any less evangelical for not being preceded by the fussy and senseless change of vestments? Are any more going over to Rome than in the black gown era? No; and we think no more are going over to Geneva, notwithstanding the affectionate and urgent invitation which our esteemed contemporary from time to time so graciously extends. No, thank you! We Evangelical Churchmen desire no change. We need no sympathy.

SPEAKING of the ordination of one of our bishops, at which two representatives of the Greek Church were present, *The Lutheran* said:

> For the sake of Protestantism, which is especially recognized and confessed in the title of Bishop Barker's church, all good Protestants will hope that this ecclesiastical flirtation may not become common. This demonstration is, of course, in the interests of Church unity; but Church unity on the sole doctrine of the Apostolic Succession, is a preposterous attempt to pivot the ecclesiastical pyramid on its apex.

It is rather late to note this extraordinary utterance, to which a correspondent just now calls our attention, but it is too good to be lost. There is a fine bit of irony in the allusion to our protestant name; but the amusing part of it comes last, in the assumption that we have nothing in common with the Eastern Church but the Apostolic Succession doctrine! Pray, where did we "protestants" get the Bible and the Nicene Creed?

Is there such a thing as a corporate conscience which may encroach upon, and substitute itself for, the individual conscience. Or how far are stockholders and directors of corporations morally responsible for the acts of the corporation? These are no new questions in casuistry, but they have lately acquired a new prominence, not in one locality only, but throughout the country. The thing without a soul betrays allies, debauches aldermanic boards, swindles its own membership, and periodically swallows itself to appear in new form, demolishing the commandments of God and scorning the laws of man, and all the while the reputable man of business and the leader of Christian activities who controls or directs the irresponsible creature, disclaims responsibility, and calmly pockets the profits of his creature's transaction. But that the responsibility remains in spite of the disclaimer needs no proving. God's law and the principles of divine truth antedate the law of corporations.

ENGLISH writers have been accustomed to refer with severity to the marriage laws of many of our States, and to the facility with which divorces are granted. The condition of things in such matters is bad enough, no doubt, and deserves all the censure which has been heaped upon it, but the tone of virtuous superiority with which these criticisms are usually accompanied is proved by recent events to be somewhat unwarranted. We suppose the point is that the American laws allow divorces for a great number of causes and that they generally allow remarriage. In England, if we understand the situation correctly, divorce is granted only for one cause, namely, adultery; but after divorce both parties may marry again if they are so disposed. But to permit the person who has been proved guilty of unfaithfulness to form a new marriage, is to admit the whole principle or want of principle upon which our own objectionable laws are founded. Nothing could be worse in morals than to make it legally possible for a person to obtain, through sin, the unrestricted liberty of release from the old bond in order to form a new one. It sets a premium upon adultery. Moreover, it appears that there is no great difficulty in England in obtaining the services of a Church clergyman to solemnize such marriages. Unless we are much mistaken, it is all but impossible here. At any rate, it is contrary to our canon law.

"The Historic Episcopate"

We have taken the position all along, and we believe it to be the only stand for consistent Churchmen to take, that in discussing with our Christian brethren the subject of Church unity, we should have it clearly understood that "Historic Episcopate" means Apostolic Succession. That is the interpretation that the bishops themselves almost unanimously give it; the only interpretation upon which we have any right to claim it as *essential* to Church unity. There is no doubt that this is the view taken of it by an overwhelming majority of Churchmen to-day, as it has been in every age, and it looks too much like a *suppressio veri* to agitate the subject of Church unity on the Chicago-Lambeth platform, with the implication that the last clause means nothing but empty form. It involves the whole subject of Church polity, ministry, sacraments, derivation of authority. The doctrine as well as fact of the Apostolic Succession has always, everywhere, and by all, in the Anglican Communion, been held, with such exceptions as may be easily explained by reference to the conditions of the age in which they appeared. It is not High Church nor Low Church. It is simply Anglican and Catholic, and we cannot lend our voice or vote to cajole dissenters even into discussing a union that ignores or obscures the teaching which the history and formularies of "this Church" have always emphasized as fundamental. That some of our separated brethren are still allowed to misunderstand the meaning of the Declaration, is evident from a recent utterance of Dr. G. D. Boardman, whose name appears, we believe, among the signers of the address issued by the League of Catholic Unity. Dr. Boardman says: "I regard the expression 'Historic Episcopate' as meaning, not Apostolical Succession, but chronological succession, without the slightest sacramental virtue."

Now why does Dr. Boardman "regard the expression" in any such sense? The bishops did not put it forth as meaning merely "chronological succession." They have, most of them, said so. The doctrine of Apostolic Succession is clearly attested in the history, canons, ordinal, liturgy, and common prayer of "this Church." Every absolution and benediction "by the priest alone," or "by the Bishop if he be present," implies it. Every ordination of a minister coming from a non-Episcopal body practically demonstrates this to be the meaning, and the only consistent meaning, of "Historic Episcopate." If it means only a mere form which we *prefer*, and not a divinely appointed order which we are bound to maintain and continue, then indeed we are open to the charge of making a great deal of a small matter, and of insisting upon a mere preference as a bar to the unity we profess to long for.

Dr. Boardman's interpretation may be "an allowable opinion," and doubtless is held by some who are in "good standing" in our Communion. That may not necessarily be required of the individual which is necessary for the preservation of the body as a whole. It would be folly to negotiate Church unity upon a principle which would, if acted upon generally, destroy the Church as an organized body, and leave not one stone upon another among its upturned foundations.

It would seem, then, to be the first duty of our clergy who have espoused the Catholic Unity League to see that the members who represent other bodies be "sufficiently instructed" as to the doctrines of "this Church" which can never be compromised or yielded; and that they are not encouraged to believe that Holy Orders may be held to be a mere ceremony that conveys nothing and means nothing which is not already held and taught among the Congregationalists, Baptists, and other Christian bodies, in which ordination, so called, is held to be from and by the people, and derives its authority from their votes.

Five-Minute Talks

BY CLINTON LOCKE

XXV.

Does the world grow worse or better? You hear a great many people say that it grows worse, and the most doleful and depressing sermons are often preached on this subject, but I am not at all of that opinion. I feel sure that the world grows better every day; that there is a very distinct elevation in human character, and a vast increase in unselfishness. By the world, I mean our world, Europe and America, for that will be enough for our inquiry. The vast millions of Asia and Africa are on such a very different level, that the same arguments do not apply to them, though I doubt not that even in their case an advance could be proved true.

Certainly the world is better materially. The newspapers and the public lecturers may paint you dark pictures of the down trodden workmen, and the oppression of capital, and the miseries of the poor, but when you compare the condition of the poorer classes with that of a century ago, you will see an astonishing improvement. The wages are far better. The working classes have a thousand comforts now where they had one then. They dress better. They have better food and more amusement. The laws governing them are much more liberal, and they are considered far more by politicians and law-makers. Even the submerged tenth is not as deeply submerged as it was thirty years ago. Wretched as their lives are and hopeless as their state seems, mostly from their own fault, yet their story in the past shows a still more horrible mode of life and a still deeper degradation. The efforts now made to relieve them are more sensible, persistent, and extensive, and the work daily grows.

Then certainly there is more general mental improvement. The "little red schoolhouse" multiplies like the planted corn. Wherever a few houses are got together, there forthwith is found the one where children are taught. The cheapness of the newspaper and of the very best as well as the very worst books, puts a vast mass of information within the reach of the poorest, and it is eagerly accepted and read. The proportion of illiterate decreases daily. Great questions with which a century ago only a few of the learned were concerned, are now intelligently discussed in every four corners' meeting. In every cottage and in every tenement room are found pictures which even ten years ago would have cost a hundred dollars apiece, now by the new processes costing only a few cents. Parks, flowers, concerts, are accessible in every large town without any expense except the few cents of car fare. Contrast all this with the dullness and crass ignorance of a century ago, and you will see that a man must be bereft of his senses not to recognize an extraordinary intellectual advance in the European and American man.

Yes, people will say, materially and mentally there may be improvement and advance, but in the moral and spiritual life there is great deterioration. It is here the world grows worse. Now if this be so, it is a most awful conclusion, and instead of rejoicing in the material and mental progress, we ought to weep over it, for men who are comfortable and intelligent,

and yet unprincipled, are a thousand times more dangerous than impoverished and illiterate men. A clever devil is much more to be dreaded than an ignorant devil, because he can plan wickedness better and execute it more knowingly. But it is a pure delusion that the world is morally and spiritually worse. You hear more of sin and crime because the sources of information are so multiplied. Any lapse from right in even the remotest village is heralded all over the country in less than twenty-four hours. In proportion to the number of inhabitants, vice is much less than it used to be, only then the news of it was confined to its own neighborhood. The criminal records of fifty years ago show in proportion a far greater average of crime than those of to-day. There is much more unselfishness than there used to be. An earthquake, or a flood, or a fire in countries thousands of miles away awakens a response in our midst, and efforts are made to relieve it. We would not tolerate for a moment the cruelty, the indifference to pain, the sight of human suffering, which marked the era of our forefathers. We have begun really to carry out the Gospel teaching of universal brotherhood, though of course it is yet in its infancy. You will hear that there are not so many saints, but it takes a great deal more now to make a saint. The standard of saintship is higher. Saints are not canonized now for wearing more prickly hair shirts and eating nastier food than any body else; or for remaining unmarried, but for deeds of real usefulness to their fellow-men. There never was so much interest in great spiritual problems as now. Every prominent paper gives them a great deal of attention, and they are discussed in every lecture room.

Of course there is much confusion in this discussion, and the sea of talk casts up much mire, but that the feeling exists, proves that men are not so sunk in material things that they have forgotten loftier themes. They burn to know now, as they never did before, and woe to the Church that ignores this intense desire, and offers the hungry only stones and rubbish and stale cakes. When I contrast the number of men engaged in Christian work now, with the scattered few who took part when I was young, I need no other argument to prove to me that the world grows better. Five minutes are only enough to open this subject, but let all take hope. We are not going down hill to destruction; we are every day mounting higher, and coming nearer to the presence of the Lord.

Revision of the Constitution

FROM BISHOP SPALDING'S ANNUAL ADDRESS

It is now proposed that consent shall not be given for a diocese to be formed and erected—"out of a missionary jurisdiction"—"unless the proposed diocese contains at the time the consent is given at least ten duly organized and self-supporting congregations and ten presbyters who have been for at least one year canonically resident and for the same period working a cure within the bounds of such proposed diocese, and qualified to vote for a bishop."

At present the diocese formed from a missionary jurisdiction, though it may organize and adopt the canons without any prescribed number of clergy or congregations, must, before it can elect its own bishop, wait until it have "at the time, and during the year previous, six officiating presbyters, and six or more parishes represented in the convention electing." This constitutional provision is comparatively recent, and is much more restrictive than that under which most of our dioceses were admitted and chose their bishops. There is no diocese of this Church that was ever organized out of a missionary jurisdiction or from territory outside of existing dioceses that could have met the proposed conditions. There are few that could have met the conditions of the present provision as to the election of a bishop. Ohio organized as a diocese and elected its bishop with four clergymen and laymen, representing ten "parishes" or feeble mission stations, and Illinois with three clergy and three parishes; Indiana organized with six clergy and four parishes; Missouri, with eight clergy and four parishes; Kansas, with eight clergy and eight parishes or missions; Maine, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Michigan, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and many others, organized and elected their bishops with less clergy and parishes than the present provision requires, if "parishes" are to be understood to be self-supporting congregations. The reasons for making the conditions so difficult on which missionary jurisdictions shall become dioceses, and be admitted into union, ought to be produced; for it is difficult to conceive of them. Had the requirements always been as now proposed, most of the dioceses organized in States or Territories must for years have been kept out of the General Convention, and denied their equal rights and privileges of legislation for the Church at large. Should this new proposed constitutional provision be adopted, it will be many years before any more missionary jurisdictions can be admitted as dioceses. It will be in vain that men like Mr. Harold Brown make provision for their endowment, and the Board of Missions appropriate money to the end of facilitating their admission, and that the Woman's Auxiliary resolve to raise $50,000 to endow one such jurisdiction. If they must wait till there are not only ten clergy in residence for a year previous, but ten self-supporting congregations; they must continue in the anomalous condition of missionary jurisdictions, and be excluded from their rightful place and functions in the national synod of the Church. Thus will be given a certain degree of permanency to the form of imperfect organization called missionary jurisdictions, that are less than dioceses, each separate from the other, each in great measure outside of the Church at large as represented in the national council. It would tend to make permanent what was only intended to be and ought to be temporary and transitional, and to legitimate and perpetuate what ought to be regarded as relatively an evil. For the diocese is the unit of Church life, and the natural and proper form of church organization.

It is in line with this proposed restrictive legislation, obstructive, as it seems to me, of the Church's growth, that it is proposed to require as a matter of rigid law that the general synod must have "satisfactory assurance of a suitable support of the Episcopate." It is well that there should be such provision. In most cases it may be necessary. But why should everything that is desirable be made into law? Why can it not be presumed that some things that ought to be done will be done freely? Why make every good thing compulsory? Why not leave some things to a wise judgment and discretion? Why go back to the spirit of Judaism? Why not trust something to the freedom of Gospel privilege?

This tendency to draw hard and fast lines, and to restrict and tie up all things that in the earlier and better days were left to such action as might at the time and under the circumstances be deemed expedient, seems to me to be an alarming sign of the times. Why is it that the Church cannot be trusted hereafter as in the past? Why should nothing be left to free action when emergencies arise? Why should everything be "cut and dried" and settled beforehand? I deprecate this tendency as seen in many parts of this proposed revision. It is cramping and obstructive. It restrains that sense of freedom and that enthusiasm in work which is characteristic of Christ's kingdom on earth, and belongs to the very spirit of the Gospel. Law is for its real purpose necessary. But its sphere is limited. Its province should not be unduly extended, so as to infringe upon the large provinces where faith and love rule, and where it is not, in the sense intended, applicable.

If missionary jurisdictions are not to be encouraged and aided to become and to be admitted dioceses, but by legislation such result is for a long time to come to be prevented, then it would be well to have as few of them as possible. In such case, the plan urged by our great pioneers and founders and promoters of missions, may well be given up for that other recent scheme of re-arrangement of boundaries and grouping of jurisdictions so as to get rid of as many of them as possible, and make unnecessary the election of more missionary bishops, even to fill important vacancies. Yielding to the stress of the financial situation, such a policy will no doubt be urged. But the Church will be stronger, her life healthier, and her growth more vigorous if she refuse to yield to financial depression; if she have faith to do her duty, and to push on her work without over much regard to the times. In the words of Bishop Graves of China, "Missions are a work of faith, not a financial machine, and it is time we recognized this practically."

I am sure the jurisdiction of Western Colorado ought to have what it has not yet had since its setting off from this diocese—a bishop of its own. None who know how from the beginning dioceses have been built up, will for a moment say or think that he will not have enough to do to employ all his time and energies. The encouragements for the work of such bishop are increasing. Under the recently formed arrangement of the provisional charge of the Bishop of Utah and Nevada, whom we rejoice to have with us in this Council, much will be done in furthering the work. Even though the jurisdiction must borrow the services of a neighboring bishop, who will undertake the work because of his active interest in missions, she will lend her earnest co-operation, and go on to such success and prosperity as to more than justify the wisdom and expediency of the division of 1892.

The Religious Dead-Beats

Their name is legion. They know how to talk "pious." They are a very shrewd set—their religion is to be smart. They are missionaries, too, for after awhile they teach the benighted clergy to be as quick to detect them as they are quick to find the city address of their intended victims. There is an infinite variety of them. Sometimes they are Jews with a strong flavor of garlic and they want to become Christians; and being ruthlessly pursued by several Rabbis, they must have "yust a leetle helup." Sometimes they are handsomely dressed ladies, members of the Rev. Dr. ——'s parish, in the distant city of ——; they are so unfortunate as to have their pocket book stolen on the train, with tickets, money, etc., and here they are stranded. They will always return the trifling amount necessary to take them home just as soon as they reach there. Any clergyman who has ever guilelessly listened to such stories will testify that he has substantial reasons for believing that they never reached there. Sometimes they are pert young men, sons of leading rectors, or of Bishop This or That, victims also of the thieves that infect the sleeping cars with so much impunity and without detection. The sense of smell ordinarily reveals the fact that these unfortunates have sought Bourbon consolation for their losses. Sometimes they are professedly Roman Catholic priests who have been savagely tyrannized by their bishops because they could no longer hold to "the infallibility" and would like to Protestantize to the extent of handling a few Protestant dollars. Sometimes they are people with a dreadful cough and haggard countenance, burdened with sick wives and eight children. They live at No. blank, Blank street, although subsequent investigation shows there is no such number on Blank street. Sometimes with charming *naivete* they own up to a bad life and now want to assume the role of the penitent prodigal; nothing would so minister to the comfort of their wearied souls as Baptism and a small loan. Sometimes they assume a tragic air; they once had faith, but their misfortunes have soured them, they cannot believe there is a God; "In fact, sir, I contemplate suicide, and my last resort is this appeal to you!" Sometimes they have books of a deeply moral and religious character to sell and would like to get the names and addresses of the leading parishioners with a letter of commendation from the rector. There is a sad contrast between their energy in getting subscriptions and their energy in delivering the books. Sometimes—but why undertake to describe a generation of vipers whose name is legion? What is more important is that we shall all open our eyes wide to the fact that religious dead-beatism is one of the evils of the day. In one of the courts in Chicago it was shown that a woman had been baptized five or six times by various bodies in which she professed repentance. A woman in New York is exposed as having cheated a shrewd lawyer out of his property by spiritualism. The same woman was a few years since a trophy of grace, surrounded by rejoicing priests and nuns in the Roman Catholic Church. The next thing she may turn up as a candidate for Confirmation in some distant city, and astonish the rector by her zeal; and afterwards astonish him still more by the use she has made of his name to help on her schemes of fraud and robbery.

These people exhibit positive genius in their trade. If they were as bright along legitimate lines, they would have no need to lie and steal. The clergy are not at fault if they are sometimes deceived. The writer professes to have some capacity of discerning the spirit of the dead-beat, having had long years of experience with them. A few weeks ago one of them al-

most perusuaded him that he had a real case of need before him. As a piece of acting, the young man's tone, manner and talk were consummate. The writer's hand was on his pocket-book with $5 intention. The story was plausible, the man stood every test, guilelessness was in his dark-brown eye, clearly he was just what he said he was—a Sunday school boy of former years grown to man's estate and coming in his straits to his old rector. Clearly he ought to have the $5, the sum which would take him back to his widowed mother. Just then he added: "I assure you I have never asked for help before, this is the first time."

"Young man, do you know that is one of the stock phrases of the dead-beat? They all say that! Are—you—one—of—them?"

This was said looking him square in the eye and he could not stand the test. He owned up and left.

That slip of the tongue cost him $5, and spoiled a positively splendid piece of acting.

There is but one rule for the clergy and laity to make and keep in regard to these people. Decline to help them unless they bring evidence that would stand in a court of law to prove their cases worthy of consideration. It is the gullibility of the good people which makes it possible for these bad people to drive their trade.—*The Diocese of Chicago.*

Letters to the Editor

THE CHINESE WALL IN THE CHURCH

To the Editor of The Living Church:

For the benefit of many most excellent and estimable Churchmen who are afflicted with what might be called Romaphobia, it seems to me that nothing could be more obvious in the way of dispelling their terrors than to point out the supreme indifference with which Rome herself, as a rule, appears to regard our alleged "aping" of her. We "ritualists"—I must use the term for want of a better and for the sake of being entirely intelligible—do not intend to ape Rome, but simply happen to coincide with a good many doctrines which Protestantism in its boundless wisdom has "set aside and mortified," simply, as far as we can see, in order to be as little like Romanists as possible. Shakespeare asks very pertinently: "Hath not a Jew hands," etc? I believe it is conceded that we must not starve ourselves to death because Romanists eat to sustain life, that we must not count the ties because they very sensibly prefer to ride in railway carriages, in fact that we must in the course of human events do a good many things in our mortal life which the Romans also do. Incidentally, we of the revival school have coincided with Rome, not copied, in a good many things in Church ritual as well as doctrine, which we cannot abandon simply on account of the prejudices of our good evangelical brethren. For instance, we believe in the Nicene Creed, which, unfortunately for our good name, the Romanists also do. Its definitions are more exact than those of the Apostles' Creed, and in so far may be supposed, without any reflection on the Apostles' Creed, to leave less scope for alleged liberalism, for that delightful Christian charity which saw in the Parliament of Religions a sweet opportunity for mutual edification, all striving, Buddhists, Brahmins, Protestant Episcopalians, and the whole ship's crew, to "make men better," and all resigning the superior claims of their own deities with the most delightful Catholicity of mutual concession, anything for peace and harmony. We unfortunately were not able to enter into this theological symposium in the right spirit. We had a distinct prejudice in favor of the Ten Commandments, especially, in this instance, in favor of the first and second. It was very narrow and utterly out of line with the liberality which should characterize the theologian of the *fin de siecle*, but somehow we could not come to it, we were not built that way.

But now as to the Romanists. Our good brethren of the liberal school need have no fear that we contemplate a secession. Just see what we would have to give up. First of all our priests would have to put away their wives and children, or else become simple laymen. Either of these would be a rather unpleasant alternative. We should all have to be baptized and confirmed over again, thereby casting a big reflection upon the rock from whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged. We should all have to pick up a smattering of Latin, and those of us who happened to take a serious fancy to some Protestant, with a view to permanent matrimonial relations, would find a lion in the way. This is the rigid consistency of Rome, and from her standpoint I am far from censuring it. I design merely to call attention to the fact that there is no more practical kinship between the Church of Rome and the Episcopal Church anywhere than there is between the Church of Rome and the Salvation Army. Cardinal Newman's experience was of this kind, and so was Cardinal Manning's. The Church of Rome tolerates no divided allegiance. But see how different the case is with us. To be a "ritualist" is simply to believe in the Nicene Creed carried to its highest meaning, to honor the Blessed Virgin as our Lord intended, instead of placing her in a dim and dusty niche, almost suppressing her august name even amid the glories of the holy Nativity. It is to recognize something more than a memorial in the Sacrament. It is to set the priestly office first and the pastoral function second. It is to guard the altar as the holy of holies, and to deck it with the first blooms of spring and let its reredos show forth the character of the day, festal or ferial. These are only a part of the general definition. The sole point I would make is that while it may be a subject of regret that the Church of Rome and ourselves are so widely separated, still the ritualist is entirely loyal to the Episcopal Church first and foremost; that even if the Church of Rome and the Episcopal Church were united it would have to be by the full concession on Rome's part of the validity of our orders, the use of both elements and of the English language in the Mass, that is, for us, and the validity, further, of every priestly and episcopal act from the days of Edward VI. down. This is the ritualist's unalterable position. Applauding in the highest the noble sentiments of Pope Leo in this regard, I would still, for the benefit of timorous Low Churchmen, recall the facts as they are. Do they not think that we are sufficiently aloof from Rome already, or what else must we do to prove that we are indeed "Protestant Episcopalians?"

WM. B. CHISHOLM.

Elmira, N. Y., July 8, 1895.

Personal Mention

The Rev. B B. Sams has removed from Bluffton to Bohicket, Wadmalaw Island, S. C.

The Rev. David Lovejoy, M. D., has resigned the rectorship of St. Peter's church, Weldon, Pa.

The Rev. Arthur J. Fidler, rector of Christ church, Greensburg, Pa., will spend the month of August in Toronto, Can.

The Rev. F. C. Bayliss leaves for England on Aug. 10th for two months' visit to his relatives, returning to Orlando, Fla., about Nov. 1st.

The Rev. John Acworth sailed for England July 20th on the steamer Mobile. He will return in September.

The Rev. W. W. Mix, rector of St. Timothy's church, Reed st., Philadelphia, has been granted a vacation by the vestry, and will pass the month of August at Bridgeport, Conn.

The Rev. Harvey S. Fisher, first assistant at St. Luke's church, Germantown, Philadelphia, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Andrew's church, Buffalo, and will take charge of the parish on the 8th of September. His address will be 892 Main st, Buffalo.

The Rev. Percy Browne, of Boston, is summering at Sugar Hill, in the White Mountains.

The Rev. William Morrison, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been staying with friends at Spring Lake, N. Y.

The Rev. O. S. Mitchell is staying at Atlantic City, N. J.

The Rev. John W. Suter has gone to Andover, Maine.

The Rev. B. N. Latrobe is staying at Atlantic City, N. J.

The Rev. J. C. Wainwright has gone to Fonda, N. Y.

The Rev. C. W. Tyler is spending the month of August at Minnetonka Beach, Minn.

The Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens, rector of Christ church, Philadelphia, is spending August at Franconia, in the White Mountains.

The Rev. Dr. L. W. Bancroft, formerly rector of Christ church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is summering at Bethlehem, in the White Mountains.

The Rev. Dr. Isaac H. Tuttle, rector *emeritus* of St. Luke's church, New York, is spending the summer at his cottage at Caldwell, on Lake George.

The Rev. Chas. R. Baker, rector of the church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending the month of August at Sugar Hill, in the White Mountains.

The Rev. Franklin Babbitt, rector of Grace church, Nyack, N. Y., has gone to the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, N. Y., on account of poor health.

The Rev. Nathan A. Seagle, of New York, has returned from a brief tour of Great Britain.

The Rev. Dr. R. M. Duff has become dean of the 5th missionary district of the diocese of Central New York.

The Rev. Dr. Daniel Henshaw, rector of All Saints' church, Providence, R. I., recently celebrated the semi-centennial anniversary of his taking Holy Orders.

The Rev. Dr. Geo. Wm. Douglas has accepted the rectorship of Trinity church, New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. J. H. McCandless has just celebrated the 15th anniversary of his rectorship of St. Luke's church, Smethport, diocese of Pittsburg.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, general superintendent of the Church mission to deaf mutes and rector *emeritus* of St. Ann's church, New York, sailed for Europe Saturday, July 27th, in the Cunard line steamship "Campania."

The address of the Rev. Henry Ormond Riddel is The Irving, Oak and State sts., Chicago.

The Rev. Herbert D Cone, rector of Christ church, Bridgeport, Conn, is spending the month of August at North Madison, Ohio.

The Rev. J. O. Ferris has accepted the chaplaincy of St. Alban's Academy, Knoxville, Ill., and will enter into residence there after September 1st.

To Correspondents

W. C. B.—We do not know. Write to F. W. Devoe & Co., New York City, manufacturers of illuminated crosses.

Died

SEWELL.—Entered into rest at Albany, N. Y., Sunday, Aug. 4th, Edward Whittle Sewell.

SANBORN.—In East Washington, N. H., Aug. 4th, the Rev. John Langdon Sanborn, D.D., aged 82 years.

APPLETON.—Entered into rest, August 8, 1895, at the rectory of St. Paul's church, Cheltenham, Pa., Sarah Newell, wife of the Rev. Edward W. Appleton, D.D.

BEVERIDGE.—Entered into eternal life, on August 2nd, at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. Francis H. Bushnell, No. 1163 South Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa., Mrs. Theodosia H. Beveridge, daughter of Richard and Theodosia Coxe, of Hunterdon Co., N. J.

BUTLER.—On August 1st, at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. J. B. Falkner, D.D., Christ church rectory, Germantown, Pa, Frances Livingston, widow of the late Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., and daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Henry Hart, in the 79th year of her age.

Appeals

THE legal title of the General Board of Missions, which should be used in wills, is The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

Domestic missions in eighteen missionary jurisdictions and thirty-seven dioceses, including work among Indians and colored people. Foreign missions in China, Japan, Africa, Greece, and Haiti.

Shall these important works be sustained, or must they be crippled? This question will be answered by the sum of the contributions.

The fiscal year ends with August. Contributions to be included in this year should reach the treasurer by September 1st.

Remittances should be sent to MR. GEORGE BLISS, treasurer, 281 Fourth ave., New York. Communications to the REV. WM. S. LANGFORD, D. D., general secretary, Church Missions House.

THE Mid-Western Deaf Mute Mission asks to be remembered on next Twelfth Sunday after Trinity (Sept. 1st). Offerings to meet expenses may be sent to the REV. A. W. MANN, General Missionary, 922 Cedar Ave, Cleveland, O.

HAS any church a disused altar, about five feet in length, or any other church furniture, to send to a small mission at Good Thunder, Blue Earth Co., Minn.? A chapel is now building. F. M. WEDDELL, Missionary in charge.

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY

The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, New York, incorporated in 1872, desires to be specially remembered on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity. Its representatives hold sign services in various places. Its fund for the sick and poor needs replenishing. Its home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes is dependent upon charitable contributions for its support.

MR. WM. JEWETT, treasurer, 80 Grand st., New York.
REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D. D., General Manager,
114 W. 13th st., New York.

Church and School

FOR SALE.—One-half interest in an incorporated school for girls in Southern California. Eighth year; well established. Address S., care LIVING CHURCH.

SITUATION as matron, companion, or housekeeper. Recommendations excellent. Write to the Rev. WM. JONES, Owensboro, Ky.

COMPETENT organist and choirmaster desires position now or Sept. 1st. Young, energetic, and a Churchman, with degree from London. Address, ORATORIO, THE LIVING CHURCH office.

WANTED.—By an unmarried clergyman, of experience, extempore preacher, Catholic, the rectorship of a small parish, with good music. Address "PRIEST," care of THE LIVING CHURCH.

CHURCH ARCHITECT.—John Sutcliffe, 702 Gaff Building, Chicago, makes a specialty of churches. It will pay those expecting to build to communicate with him.

GENERAL CONVENTION JOURNALS—1880 AND 1889—FREE. Upon receipt of 35c. for "book postage" or order to send by express (C. O. D.), I will give the above two Journals to the first applicant. WM. STANTON MACOMB, 256 S. 38th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEFFINGWELL GENEALOGY.—I am preparing for publication a genealogy of the Leffingwell family, as compiled by our kinsman, the Rev. E. B. Huntington, down to about the year 1876. The statistics for the last twenty years must be obtained. I therefore ask that the address of every reader who is descended from the old family in Norwich, Conn., be forwarded to the office of THE LIVING CHURCH. C. W. LEFFINGWELL.

The Living Church

55 Dearborn St., Chicago

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The Editor's Table

Kalendar, August, 1895

4.	8th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
	(White at Evensong.)	
6.	TRANSFIGURATION.	White.
11.	9th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.
18	10th Sunday after Trinity	Green.
24.	ST. BARTHOLOMEW.	Red.
25.	11th Sunday after Trinity.	Green.

The Lilies by a Fountain

BY MARGARET DOORIS

In a great city's busiest thoroughfare,
'Midst its unrest, its tide of troubled care,
The cooling waters of a fountain flow;
And, close beside, fair lilies sweetly grow.
From dawn till close of day, through wealth or want,
Pure and serene, like angels ministrant,
Their mission is to cheer, to calm, to bless,
As silently they teach God's tenderness.
Weary and worn the toilers stop to drink,
The lilies' beauty makes them pause to think
Upon the lesson which the Saviour taught,
And how He marked how fine their robes are wrought.
To the world's hearts man's greatest skill ne'er brings
Such glorious garments, far surpassing kings.
Poor, longing heart, striving earth's best to win,
The lilies toil not, neither do they spin.
If God so clothe the flowers which deck the fields,
Much more to you His love will blessings yield.
Why for the morrow take such anxious care?
Of ill, each day has its own heavy share;
Trust all to God, He will thy whole life lead,
Thy wants supply, He knoweth all thy need;
Refreshed and soothed the weary ones pass on,
And thus the lilies teach till day is gone.
And, in the peace the nighttime softly brings,
With angel sentinels on folded wings,
The lilies by the fountain vigil keep,
While through the hours the tired workers sleep.

London, O.

England is responsible, says *The Church Times*, for the continued license to the Turk to rob, and outrage, and slay his Christian subjects. The late Lord Sherbrooke spoke the brutal truth when he said in 1878 that England "had turned the keys of hell" upon the Christian peoples of Turkey. Terrible as is such an accusation, it is the literal fact. The life of the Christian Armenians is a daily hell. We have prevented their deliverance by Russia, while we have promised to undertake it ourselves, or see it done, and we have cynically, contemptuously ignored our international obligations, and done nothing at all.

The semi-official character given, says *The Boston Transcript*, to the Christian Endeavor Convention by the pitching of the great tents on the Common, by the profuse decoration of the Public Garden with welcoming arches and emblems in "floral mosaics," and by other proceedings, is very interesting, considering the somewhat unevangelical flavor which our city government has at times possessed. It is curious, to say the least, to see brilliantly inscribed on the lawn of the Public Garden in characters worked in flowers, the words, "For Christ and the Church."

In a recent symposium in *The North American Review*, on Max Nordau's theory of degeneration, Mr. Kenyon Cox affirms that the characteristics of the author are, "violence of language, arrogance, inaccuracy, inconsistency, lack of humor, and total inability to comprehend art." Mr. Anton Seidl says that the reading of Nordau's book at first filled him with disgust. It reminded him of a person sometimes met with in a lunatic asylum, "who tells you with an air of importance and pity that every inmate of the institution, except himself, is crazy." Mr. M. W. Hazeltine regards Nordau's book as itself "a symptom of the widespread indignation and disgust which precedes a purifying and hygienic reaction." "There is ground for hope," he says, "that the twentieth century will witness a bracing revival of idealism, or at least an eclectic realism that will differ from it only in name."

We have had our share of eccentric congressmen, like the celebrated David Crockett in former days, and more lately one known as the "sockless" statesman, and others who, like orthodox Jews, refuse to mar the corners of their beards. It appears from an English contemporary that eccentricities equally glaring have been known in the House of Commons, though it is added, with something like a sigh of regret, that such instances have been less numerous of late, and that there is a consequent loss of "picturesqueness" in that assembly. John Elwes, M. P., who sat in Parliament nearly thirty years, never bought any clothes (so we are assured), and never suffered his shoes to be cleaned. A man died who owed him money, leaving as security several bales of check cloth, from which Elwes had his clothes made for the rest of his life. Mr. Ramsbotham, M. P. for Windsor, for more than a quarter of a century was remarkable for his silence. Once he was upbraided for this by a constituent who taunted him with never having spoken in Parliament. He asserted that he had and had carried his motion too. Upon being pressed to tell what the motion was, he said he had once moved, "that the windows be opened," and they were.

Said Liszt, speaking of Mendelssohn's contempt for him, "You know that Mendelssohn, who was the most jealous musician that ever lived, always had a dislike for me, and on one occasion, at a soiree at Dr. K—'s, he drew a picture of the devil on a blackboard, playing his G minor concerto with five hammers, in lieu of fingers, on each hand. The truth of the matter is that I once played his concerto in G minor from the manuscript, and as I found several of the passages rather simple and not broad enough, if I may use the term, I changed them to suit my own ideas. This, of course, annoyed Mendelssohn, who, unlike Schumann or Chopin, would never take a hint or advice from any one. Moreover, Mendelssohn who, although a refined pianist, was not a virtuoso, never could play my compositions with any kind of effect, his technical skill being inadequate to the execution of intricate passages. So the only course open to him, he thought, was to vilify me as a musician. And, of course, whatever Mendelssohn did, Leipsic did also.—*The Etude.*

Zion's Herald protests against allowing Dr. Lyman Abbott to lecture in the Northwestern University. The so called "liberal" movement makes little progress among the Methodists———The Second Adventists have again fixed the time for the world to come to an end. Elder Hiram Munger prophecies that it will be in 1897.———The London *Graphic* has lately entered upon the enterprise of a weekly paper entitled "The Golden Penny." In the first number a portrait of the Queen was presented, printed in five colors. A half million copies of this issue were printed, most of which were ordered before the day of publication. ———The late rector of Stoke Dry, Rutlandshire, who died early in July, at the age of eighty-one, was cremated at Woking, in accordance with his own request. *The Church Review* says he evidently agreed with Lord Shaftesbury who, when some one denounced cremation as unchristian, exclaimed: "How about the blessed martyrs!" But then, one feels impelled to ask, was the cremation of the "blessed martyrs" a Christian performance?———At a great political meeting at the Albert Hall, pending the recent general election in England, Lord Rosebery congratulated himself and his friends that his Government had lived a noble life and died a noble death. Mr. Chamberlain, of the opposite side, rejoined on the following day, that his party would give them a noble funeral. This promise has been amply fulfilled.———A popular legend reports that when the present Bishop of St. Albans took counsel of the Bishop of London as to whether he should accept the offer of the see, and said (as a ground of doubt): "I'm a poor preacher," Dr. Temple replied: "I know you are, I've heard you." While it must be confessed that a certain brutal frankness, in keeping with this reply, seems somewhat characteristic of Bishop Temple, on the other hand, at least one recent sermon of the Bishop of St. Albans, preached at the Foundling Hospital, has attracted attention for its excellence.———The English papers notice the statement in a New York paper that a woman vocalist about to sail for England was expecting to sing at Gloucester cathedral and St. Paul's, London. It is remarked with a solemnity suited to the case, that the lady will not be able to sing in the choir of either cathedral, but as a member of the congregation she will share with the whole of her Majesty's subjects the privilege of taking part in the services.——— At a meeting of a denominational ministers' association in Chicago, last Monday, it was gravely determined to inhibit the use of fermented wine in their Communion service. But the use of fermented bread is still permitted.

A Letter from Enmegahbowh

(THE REV. JOHN JOHNSON, INDIAN PRIEST)

WHITE EARTH, July 23, 1895.

DEAR BROTHER:—You ask me about the Grand Medicine Lodge and what is contained in it. This is the oldest religious faith of all the heathen races in this country. What the Grand Medicine teaches to the Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains the same it teaches at Labrador and to the Indians now living in the centred part of this great continent. The Indian who lives way up towards the rising of the sun does not tell them that certain portion of their people are irrevocably lost and cannot reach towards the setting sun to the Great Hunting Ground. If he should tell them that the Grand Medicine Lodge was the invention of men and was not the gift of the Great Spirit to our ancestors because there was no God to give it, what would the poor unlettered men, these heathens, say? "Away with such unreasonable and foolish talk! We know God the Great Spirit does live somewhere; but where, that we do not know; maybe beyond the stars or sun." He says: "Here are sun and moon, the most noble objects of creation. I know these were placed there for some noble purpose by the mighty creator, the Great Spirit." Let me say here, my poor people believe the existence of a Supreme Being. To hear any one say there exists no God would be shocking to them. None but crazy heads would say it. A man of reason would not dare to open his mouth to say it, much less to be heard by his fellow beings. They think it one of the most horrible blasphemies. "My son," says my heathen grandfather, "never point the sun with your finger; it is god of all the created objects. He gives us to see our path, our friends, our danger, our safety." Hence the due reverence they entertained for all the created objects.

My heathen races do worship the sun, moon, stars, and in fact all the created objects, both animate and inanimate. In this way, viz., not as they worship to the Great Spirit ignorantly, but through them as intercessors. For instance, when Hole-in-the-Dog, the great warrior, was about to take the war path, he summoned his warriors to his big wigwam. Here was a small piece of canvas spread before the warriors full of pictures, birds, sun, trees, and animals. He says: "The pictures before you shall guide to find our enemies and bring us through safely. I have asked them to intercede for us, to ask the Supreme Being, and through their intercessions to have our greatest desires granted."

Why is this being done? They believe that the created objects, both animate and inanimate, are far holier than themselves. They no not feel worthy to go direct and speak to the Great Spirit with their polluted lips. Hence they worship the objects as only for intercessors, not as God.

It is most singular the poor heathen feels his unworthiness to go and speak direct to the Great Spirit. He must have an intercessor. The Christians worship God and speak to Him through His Son, who ever lives to make intercession for us. So, my dear brother, my people are truly pantheists. That is the faith of my heathen races, and it was my faith.

I did not think to write the above when I commenced to write; I wanted only to tell you that I expect to leave home in a few days to go out and breathe a pure air for a short period. My friends advised me to leave home and try to forget my great sorrowing and bereavement.

Truly yours,
J. J. ENMEGAHBOWH.

Book Notices

The Book of Praise, for Church, School, and Home. Compiled by the Rev. G. W. Shinn, D.D., and H. B. Day, organist. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Pp. 288. Price, 35c.

The success of this manual, which is an ideal book for use at any special Church service and for the Sunday school, being grounded wholly on the revised Prayer Book and Hymnal, is attested by the issue of a new edition with added hymns, a first edition of 10,000 having been sold out within the year.

Wit and Humor of Familiar Sayings. By Marshall Brown. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Generally one is strongly inclined to lay aside a book which undertakes to explain jokes, as a very dull form of entertainment. This book, however, is unique of its kind, for while it brings out the humor of certain sayings dear to the hearts of many, it does not "explain away" the jokes. It has a perfectly definite plan, which is well carried out in the following way: First, the proverb is given, as, "A new broom sweeps clean," and then is added the remark, "but it's not of much use unless it sweeps dirt." Again, "A lie has no legs," "but it has wings like a vampire," "it goes by telegraph, while truth comes by mail three hours late." Thus the aim of the book is to show the variety of humorous ways in which the familiar sayings may be applied and illustrated.

The Story of Patriots' Day. Lexington and Concord, April 19, 1775. By George J. Varney. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth. Price, 60 cents.

Mr. Varney has compressed into this little book an amount of historical information concerning the early days of American independence which it would be difficult to find in another volume of its size, and shows how the day may be observed by schools, societies, and others, giving a complete story of the events of that memorable 19th of April. He describes the condition of things in Massachusetts previous to the breaking out of the Revolution; he relates with great particularity the events of the night and the succeeding day in Boston and at Lexington and Concord, the ride of Revere and Dawes, the massacre at Lexington, and the fight at Concord bridge. Mr. Varney has spared no pains in making his book authoritative. A chapter gives an account of the flags used during the War of the Revolution, and there are a dozen or more patriotic poems. Three excellent maps aid to a more perfect understanding of the text, and there are twelve full-page illustrations from recent photographs.

Demon Possession and Allied Themes. By the Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D. For forty years a missionary to the Chinese. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Rev. Dr. Nevius, a veteran missionary to China, from the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., has collected in this volume a large number of strange phenomena, very frequently met with in the Orient, which he thinks can only be adequately explained on the theory of demon possession. There are also numerous instances given of successful exorcism. The author carefully considers the evidence and the various theories which have been proposed to account for these phenomena, and decides that no other explanation is satisfactory except that which sees in such manifestations the exemplification of that kind of demonism which is familiar to every reader of the New Testament. The facts given relate not only to China, but to India and Japan. It is interesting to discover that in the latter country there is a large amount of superstition connected with the fox. The fox stories the writer tells us, are legion. In particular, Reynard is often held responsible for demon possession. This seems to be a survival of the old Totem superstition, so wide spread among primitive races. The latter part of the book contains a "Historical Review of Demonism." It also considers "Spiritualism," the phenomena of which, so far as it is not fraudulent, is attributed to demons. The concluding chapter, added by the editor, is on "The Facts and Literature of the Occult." There is a full bibliographical index, which will guide the interested student to a wide field of reading of a very curious kind.

Death and the Resurrection; An Inquiry into their true nature. By Calvin S. Gerhard, D.D. 1895. Philadelphia. Chas. G. Fisher.

This is a most interesting volume, although we cannot accept its conclusions, confessedly speculative, without qualifications of radical nature. Dr. Gerhard believes that the soul of man is never entirely disembodied; that the spiritual body, a real body, is formed in the carnal body and is taken with the soul at the moment of death. After death therefore the soul dwells in the spiritual body, which body reaches its final state at the last day. From this point of view he denies the future resurrection of the corpse, in the face of what Scripture says concerning those who shall hear the voice of Christ from the grave. He goes on to apply his theory, which is German in origin, to the Resurrection of Christ, and denies that our Lord exhibited the same flesh to Thomas that suffered on the cross and was buried. He hypothecates a special miracle, claiming that the old flesh was dissolved with the same instantaneousness with which the spiritual body emerged or appeared to emerge from the tomb. This is of course in conflict with the Faith, and involves deceit in Christ, an impossible thought. That the spiritual body is a development out of the carnal body we are prepared to believe, and are ready to accept the contention that there is a continuity of existence of this spiritual body during the period after death. But we deny any numerical difference between the body which dissolves and the body which is perpetuated and glorified. The word corpse is ambiguous. It may refer to the body in the abnormal state to which death reduces it, or it may refer to the mass of matter going to pieces and thus ceasing to belong to the body. In the latter sense we have to admit that the corpse may not be raised. But the corpse in the sense of the human body itself, whose visible elements are passing away, does not cease to exist. It is passing through a process, illustrated though not explained by the rotting seed sown in the earth, and will in due time emerge to new life at the last day, with its true relation to the soul renewed and perfected. The spiritual body then is the carnal body changed by subjection to the spirit—not another body, nor a non-material body. A body is material necessarily, so far as we can see. A spiritual body does not mean a spirit, which would not be a body at all, but a body dominated by the spirit and made capable of obeying spiritual behests.

Magazines and Reviews

The August number of *St. Nicholas* goes to the little ones in vacation season, and most appropriately it bears with it the breath of the woods and the fields. It opens with one of George Wharton Edward's drawings as a frontispiece, a pretty little Dutch girl with a cat in her arms; "Some day, Pussy, we'll go to America." Cromwell Galpin tells of "The Bronco's Best Race," a gallant struggle in which he held his own with a big thoroughbred. Prof. Brander Matthews contributes an appreciative critical sketch of Oliver Wendell Holmes. "What Gustus Gerlach was afraid of," as told by Elizabeth Cumings, was not the dragon he intended to slay when he grew up, but the dark, on his way to bed. "Babieca, the War-Horse of the Cid," is a romantic chapter from the history of Spain, told by James Baldwin. Theodore Roosevelt, in his series of Hero Tales from American History, tells of "The Cruise of the Wasp," a gallant sloop of war that captured several English vessels in 1812, and then finally and forever disappeared and left no trace of her fate. Wm. T. Hornaday has another interesting chapter in natural history, taking up "The Prong-Horned Antelope and the Caribou." He describes the strange migrations of the barren ground caribou, and says there are probably larger herds of these animals ranging the great northwest than there ever were of buffalo. The two serials, "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks, and "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," by Howard Pyle, are fast nearing their ends and grow in interest.

There is no subject in astronomy which is so interesting at the present time as that of the planet Mars. No one has made this near neighbor of ours the subject of more careful observation than Mr. Percival Lowell, from his outlook at Flagstaff, Arizona, and in the August number of *The New England Magazine*, he gives a clear account of his observations, accompanied by the latest and most important maps of Mars which have been made. The description of the new building of the Boston Public Library, published in a recent number of *The New England*, is followed in the present number by a thorough and interesting history of the library from its foundation, by Mr. Edmund J. Carpenter, and the article is enriched by many rare illustrations. An illustrated article upon "Machias in the Revolution and Afterward," is a story of a historic old New England town. Articles which will appeal to the same class of readers are those by Miss Hallowell on "The Streets of an Old Town," the old town being Annisquam on Cape Ann, and by Helen Marshall North on "The Middle Town of Whitefield," both articles being daintily illustrated. Another beautifully illustrated article is that on "Swiss Idyls," by Wm. D. McCrackan. "Alone on Osceola," by William Morse Cole, is an impressive story of exploration and adventure, which will be read eagerly by all lovers of the White Mountains in particular, and by all mountain climbers in general. "The Smitten Village," is a sketch of the attack on Fort Griswold, and the tragical fate of Colonel Ledyard in the Revolution. In a critical article upon "Hawthorne as an Interpreter of New England," Miss Katharine Hillard argues forcibly that Hawthorne is, properly speaking, no such interpreter, but purely a romantic writer.

Opinions of the Press

The Standard (Baptist)

THE LAMBETH ARTICLES.—Perhaps as near approach to a basis of agreement for Christians of all names as has yet been proposed is in what are termed "The Lambeth Articles," originating with clergymen of the Church of England. These articles were announced, much in the form of a proposition to other bodies of Christians, several years ago, but were found lame in one very important particular. They were as follows: "The Bible, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, the two Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and—the Historic Episcopate." This last so overweighted the whole that only failure, with a suspicion of absurdity, could follow. We have often tried to imagine a proposition of like effect, made by some one denomination of Christians, or attempted by two or more in combination, in which the same vice of a denominational remnant should not appear. What might be effected in practice, after a multitude of trials, one cannot of course say; in idea and in theory, the thing is inconceivable. If denominationalism be an evil—what has never yet been proven—it is so imbedded in the structure of our modern Christianity, is so much due to those tendencies in human nature which revolt at all attempts to constrain opinion, and so enters into this whole immense scheme of Christian activity which to-day has the whole world for its field, that it is surely an evil which permissions of Divine Providence have overruled for immeasurable good.

The Evangelist (Presbyterian)

THE TRUE SHEPHERD.—It would be greatly unjust to Bishop Potter if the conspicuity given by the daily press to his temporary residence in Stanton street should convey the impression either that it was a vast condescension on his part to work there for a season, or that this was his first service in such a field. That the Bishop denies himself a period of rest that one of his clergy may have a vacation, is not strange to his character and spirit, however unusual the exigency requiring this act of kindly consideration for an overworked missionary. That the Bishop should go in person, rather than by substitute, is something within his discretion and doubtless was well considered. Few of those who are praising the Bishop's act have any right conception of his immense labors and ceaseless intimate watch over the work of his great diocese, nor do many know why his action is to be praised. The current notions of mission work are much astray. Any true minister of Jesus who can find access to the haunts and homes of the needy is glad to go to them with the Gospel of healing love and helping mercy. It is a rare gift to be able to minister with success to the populations of the East Side, a gift which the culture requisite to fill the post of Bishop of New York might supplement indeed, but not supplant.

The Times-Herald (Chicago)

GOOD TIMES COMING.—"From every quarter of the country, East, West, North, and South, come the tidings of a revived business and increased commercial prosperity. Nor is it in one line only, but in all. The products of the farm and of the mine, of the plantation and of the mill have all gone hand-in-hand towards higher prices, and all the pulses of trade are beating with accelerated force. Money, the barometer of business, is rapidly being withdrawn from its hiding places, and seeking investment in safe enterprises and adventures, and confidence is daily being restored. The advance of wages in the manufacturing industries is becoming so common as no longer to create surprise at the announcement. The cotton mills of the South are not only paying better wages than before, but are enlarging their force and capacity at the same time, and new mills are being built in Arkansas and Louisiana. In Alabama and Tennessee the coal and iron trades are on a better footing than in past years, and in one county alone of Alabama the coal output for this year will exceed the whole product of the State for 1894. Here in Chicago the Illinois Steel Company has advanced wages ten per cent., which affects some 7,000 employes, while its business has so increased that the contracts now made cover all the product it can manufacture in the next three months. The Pittsburgh district shows the same condition of affairs, of increased wages and enlarged output, while at Port Chester, N. Y., the bolt and nut works are running to their full capacity. What has occurred in the cotton and iron industries may also be noted in the pottery manufacture. At Wheeling and at Trenton wages have been advanced from ten to forty per cent. and the capacity of the works has been greatly enlarged. Such indications as these are unmistakable. After two years and a half of depression the load is lifted and good times have come again."

Books Received

Under this head will be announced all books received up to the week of publication. Further notice will be given of such books as the editor may select to review.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.

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The Household

Shall We Know Each Other There?

When we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care;
In the land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angel voices
And the angel faces bright
That shall welcome us in heaven
Are the loved of long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh, ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way!
Ye shall join the just and loved ones
In the land of perfect day.
Harp strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear;
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We shall know each other there."

A prominent clergyman gives this description of the life of a minister: "My experience with churches makes me think that ministers are like cats. When you go to a new place everybody says: "Come, pussy! come, pussy! nice pussy," and you come. Then they begin to rub your fur and say: "Poor pussy! poor pussy!" and then they say, "Scat!"

As a gentleman and lady were taking a ride in the country, they came to a farmhouse where all things looked so nice that they concluded there could be no trouble there. They stopped and inquired of the farmer's wife, who replied: "O, yes, we have a great deal of trouble; we have two hens that want to sit on one nest."

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is not often "sold," but a story now going the rounds shows that sometimes he meets with one who is more than his match. Espying a laborer one day walking along with the old familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him. After pointing out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, Sir Wilfrid earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied the liquor into the road. Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said. "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public-house and spent the sixpence in beer. The liquor he had thrown away was cold tea.—*Westminster Gazette.*

After Many Days

BY MAZIE HOGAN

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CHAPTER XI.

"Magnanimiter crucem sustine."

"Miss Alice," said Esther's voice at the door, "Mr. Somerville is here, and Mrs. Graham says will you come down?"

Alice sprang to her feet as the maid opened the door. She felt much inclined to send down an excuse, but besides feeling that her desire to do so was chiefly the result of an unforgiving spirit toward her step-mother, she did not wish to miss the good she knew always resulted from a talk with her rector; so she answered: "Very well, Esther, I will come," and quickly put her hair and dress in order, and effaced as much as possible the marks of tears before descending to the parlor.

She was not at all surprised at the hour of the visit. Mr. Somerville's twilight calls were quite common. The rectory was only a block from Mr. Graham's, and after an afternoon of pastoral visits, he frequently dropped in at dusk, sometimes remaining for supper, oftener not.

He rose from a comfortable armchair as Alice entered, to greet her kindly, drew his own inferences from her red eyes and Mrs. Graham's somewhat perturbed manner, and then, re-seating himself, drifted easily into pleasant discursive chat. He was a striking looking man of sixty, with pronounced features, iron-gray hair and beard, and keen, bright, kindly hazel eyes, while his habitually erect gait emphasized his unusual height. The title "pastor" was applicable to Mr. Somerville as it rarely is among our American clergy with their extremely migratory habits. Thirty-five years before he had come, a young man just in priest's orders, to the parish of the Ascension, and here he had remained. He had buried the older generation, and baptized and married the younger, and now a third was coming on. A man of broad sympathies and kindly manners, he was truly a father to his people, rejoicing in their joys and sorrowing in their sorrows.

The rising young modern clergyman who has determined never to remain long in one vicinity, and always to remove to a richer parish, has no conception of the pastoral relation as it existed between this venerable shepherd and his flock. The tender guidance and paternal affection met by filial trust and reverence, is an entirely unknown quantity to the aforesaid young clergyman, however much he may be surrounded by idolizing admirers of his "beautiful voice" and "brilliant sermons."

Mr. Somerville had prepared for Confirmation Mr. and Mrs. Graham and Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie. He had been one of the very few cognizant of the difficulty between the two young men and its cause, and had used every effort to adjust it amicably. He had married Malcolm Mackenzie and baptized his two children. He had baptized the infant Alice, prepared her mother for Confirmation, and in a few short weeks laid her to rest in the churchyard. He had married John Graham to his second wife and baptized their crippled boy. He it was who had prepared the youthful Kenneth, talented and promising, for the laying on of hands, and nourished his aspirations for the higher calling He had brought comfort and soothing to the heart-broken widow, and encouragement to Kenneth in the renunciation of his life plans. He had fathomed more of Kenneth's trouble than even his mother, and had grieved much over the willfulness and obduracy of Alice, while it had been with rejoicing that he had soothed her doubts and fears and encouraged her to come to Confirmation. He realized the difficulties of her home life, and regarded her somewhat anxiously now, while he discussed the perennial topic of the unusual weather.

At the first break in the conversation, Alice, following a sudden impulse, said "Mr. Somerville, haven't you some work for the Church you can give me to do?"

Mr. Somerville replied, looking at her quizzically: "Why, Miss Alice, what can you do?"

His jokes never hurt, and she answered saucily: "Because I have never done any work is no reason I never should, is it?"

"No, I suppose not. Really, Miss Alice, I am about to begin a new work in which I shall be very glad of your help."

"Why, Alice—" began Mrs. Graham.

"Now, my dear madam," interposed the rector, "your views on Church work are perfectly well known to me, but I cannot allow you to bias the mind of this hopeful new recruit of mine."

For Mrs. Graham was one of that numerous class of ladies who decry organizations of all kinds and criticise their methods, who affirm that they are in favor of individual effort, but when observed seem to prefer individual selfishness. Now, she only said, smiling: "Oh, I'll listen, but I don't expect to change my views."

"I haven't the vanity to suppose that my arguments will influence you," said Mr. Somerville, laughing, "but Miss Alice, here, is a more hopeful subject;" then turning to Alice, "I want to establish a chapter of the 'Daughters of the King' in Vernon, and I should like you to enroll yourself among them."

"The 'Daughters of the King'," said Alice, musingly, "is that the same as the 'King's Daughters?'"

'By no means," began Mr. Somerville, while Alice and little Edwin, who was close by, listened intently. "The order of the "Daughters of the King' was established about five years ago, more than a year before the 'King's Daughters' had their beginning. Its object is twofold, the spread of Christ's kingdom among young women, and the strengthening of parish life. Hence its members pledge themselves to observe a twofold rule, the rule of prayer and the rule of service, praying daily for the parish and the order, and working to bring young women into the Church and to carry out the rector's plans in the parish. The primary object, you will perceive, is a spiritual one, but I intend to combine with it the work of a guild. The 'Ladies' Guild' is almost moribund, the members feeling little interest in its work, and I think this infusion of new life will revive it. I have been wishing to speak to you about it, as I shall be very glad of many recruits among the young ladies."

"I think I should like that," said Alice.

"I expect to make an announcement next Sunday in regard to it, and shall gather as many ladies as possible and fully explain the object of the order. Each parish division is called a chapter, and has the usual officers of a society. Each member must be a communicant, and upon being received into the chapter is invested with a little silver badge which she must wear constantly."

"What is the badge?" inquired Alice.

"It is a Greek cross with floriated ends pendant from a bar which fastens with a pin. Upon the cross is engraved the Latin motto of the order, *Magnanimiter crucem sustine*, which is freely translated, 'Bear well this cross with great-souled faith,' while below are the letters F. H. S., standing for 'For His Sake,' the English motto. On the bar are the owner's initials."

"I like that," said Alice. "I will come to the meeting, Mr. Somerville, and I hope you will show me how to work."

The conversation drifted into other channels, and Mr. Somerville soon after took his leave.

"Alice," remarked Mrs. Graham, when he had gone, "there is no surer way of marking yourself as one destined to be an old maid, than by undertaking Church work."

"I do not regard an old maid with quite so much horror as you do," retorted Alice, and immediately regretted the sharp rejoinder. "I should not have spoken so hastily this afternoon, mother. I had no reason to be so angry," she added with a sweet humility which quite disarmed her step-mother.

"It was more my fault than yours, my dear," she answered, giving Alice an unusually hearty kiss.

At the meeting of which Mr. Somerville spoke, there were present most of the members of the old guild, and some six or eight young ladies, among them Miss Winston and Alice Graham. The rector explained the object of the order and his plans in regard to this chapter somewhat more at length than he had done to Alice, and all consented to become members of the "Loving Service Chapter" as they decided to name it.

Officers were elected and committees appointed. Mrs. Stern was elected president, and Mrs. Mackenzie, much to her astonishment, vice-president; Alice Graham, secretary; and Miss Winston, treasurer. They were told that the initiation fee was a dollar and a-half, including the cost of badges, which would be ordered immediately, and the monthly dues were ten cents.

The committees seemed almost numberless. There was an altar committee, whose duty it was to attend to cleaning the brasses, and to provide fresh flowers for every service; a chancel committee to look after the proper and reverent sweeping and dusting of the chancel; a color committee to see that altar cloths and pulpit hangings corresponded with the seasons; a linen committee, to keep in order the vestments and Communion linen; a Sunday school committee, containing all members who taught in the Sunday school, to look up new scholars, visit sick ones, and keep up an interest in the work; a visiting committee, to call on strangers; a sick committee, to visit and nurse the sick needing help; and a poor committee, to look up cases of need and report them to the chapter.

Alice, besides her duties as secretary, was placed upon the altar, the chancel, and the poor committees, and found that she was likely to be kept as busy as she could wish.

After the badges arrived there was a solemn and appropriate service, during

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which the members promised to wear the badges and to observe the rule of prayer and service. To Alice it seemed that there was real help in the little silver cross upon her breast and the words with which she was invested with it: "'Bear well this cross with great-souled aith,' and know that always as it sheds the rays of light abroad it witnesses to your assent to Jesus' solemn words—that hou hast indeed taken up thy cross to ollow after Him."

The work was exactly what Alice needed and had craved. Even since her Confirmation her life had been mainly a self-centered one, and she was drifting into the morbid, self-tormenting state of introspection in which earnest Christians some time live, an essentially selfish state, though governed by good motives. Now, however, these new interests led her outside of herself and her home trials, and she found much pleasure in the various good works the "Daughters of the King" undertook. Mr. Somerville found her an ardent and efficient worker, and Mrs. Graham displayed an unexpected interest in the chapter, and although not joining it, she aided it liberally when money was required. Probably she remembered how often of late Alice had given up her own wishes for her step-mother's pleasure, and wished to repay it. However that might be, the kindly interest and assistance, instead of the opposition she had expected, warmed Alice's heart to her father's wife in a manner never felt before.

Alice had previously compelled herself to take an interest in the large and beautifully cared for conservatory, which was the delight of Mrs. Graham's life, and the girl now felt herself amply repaid by free license to despoil it of its choicest floral treasures to fill the altar vases.

Little Edwin, also, felt deep interest in his sister's work, and would often bring her an offering for the box which was kept ready for contributions. It had been a bitter disappointment to him for several years that his mother would not permit him to join the choir and use his sweet though weak voice in praise to God. She could not bear the idea of exhibiting his deformity, and thought him not strong enough for the necessary practice, and Mr. Graham so far agreed with her as to acquiesce in her decision, but it was a greater grief to Edwin than either of them knew.

(To be continued.)

A Waif's Point of View

BY MARY G. ST. JOHN

"Say, lady, I'se given' it to you straight, ain't tellin' you no lies. Me fader died last month in the hospital, and me mudder is doin' time on the island. Yer see, after me fader died, me mudder got kinder down on her luck, and she just tuk a drop or two to brace up on. De odder night they wuz a lot of them over to Sweeny's and they rushed the growler all the evenin', and bimeby there wuz a scrap, and the cop came along and tuk me mudder in. One of them 'sociations has got the other kids, and I'm a fendin' for meself, sellin' papers, and runnin' errands, and carryin' bundles from the ferry to the elevated. Lemme me carry your bag for you?"

All this from a very bright-eyed, towsly-headed, freckled boy at the exit of one of the Jersey ferries, one spring morning a few years ago. Glancing at the loquacious little urchin who thus regaled me with a bit of his family history, I was about to pass along unheeding the importunity, but my satchel was heavy and I hesitated. That moment's hesitation caused me to be surrounded with a lot of boys all making grabs at my bag. But my boy claimed the right of eminent domain; in language by no means Chesterfieldian he defended his claim; after some pushing and shoving as vigorous as his speech he emerged triumphant from the fray, and master of the bag and the situation led the way towards the elevated station.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which developed into a friendship. The lad, I learned, was Tim Reilly, and also ascertained that the facts of his case were true. I was young in years then, full of enthusiasm, possessed of many philanthropic ideas, most of them of the wholesale order. System and organization seemed to me matters of vital importance; the poor were a differently constituted order of beings; schemes for their relief and improvement were to be concocted much after the order of patent medicines and were to be administered on the principle that five bottles would effect a cure. Of course I never formulated these views, but through ignorance and inexperience they were the underlying sentiment in my charitable work. Well, I became interested in Tim; he was always at the ferry waiting to do me little services, and I learned to look for the freckled face with its turned up interrogation point of a nose.

Then I began to try to improve that boy. I suggested a frequent use of the free baths. I gave him an outfit of clothing, and having attended to the outer man, I tried to do something for his mental and spiritual development. Tim clung pertinaciously to the streets of the great city. I could not lure him to my suburban home; he was firm in his refusal to travel Jersey-ward, and indulged in some remarks concerning "hayseeds," kindly excluding me from the category, however. Finding I was working at a disadvantage and being obliged to leave home for some months, I induced Tim to go to an institution for orphan boys, for Mrs. Reilly had found by this time a resting place in Potter's Field.

How fine the boy looked in his neat uniform when I called to say good-by, and how I congratulated myself that the lad would now be under regular discipline, and would be trained in habits of systematic living.

But I just learned a lesson from that boy, one of many, by the way; I learned the lesson that child life does not differ materially in prince and pauper; that there is a right which philanthropists and sociologists unwittingly ignore in their plans for the betterment of the race, and that is human right. And this is how Tim taught me. I was away longer than I had planned, and a year elapsed before I met my little friend again. I found him improved in physical condition, his speech had lost much of the slang of the slums, he had made good progress in his studies, but something was missing in his manner, even his snub nose had a downward droop; my little street Arab was developing into a human machine. At last, in reply to an inquiry, Tim broke forth: "Say, lady, this is a mighty nice place, the grub is good and yer gets all yer wants; the steam pipes and fixin's keeps yer warm; yer don't have to dodge a cop to git a bath, and we wears real swell clothes. They'se awful good to us, see, but we's such a lot that the good don't a luz go round. And I'd ruther be out of this and not have so much grub and things ef I could just be with Dick and some of the fellers that cares for yer." And my hero lifted up his voice and wailed, wept—hungry little heart—for the privation and dirt of his tenement home, for there was what stood to him for love and human interest. Drying his tears on a regulation handkerchief, he added as a clinching argument: "I ruther be a Jersey hayseed than a 'sylum boy."

That opened my eyes to the one thing an institution cannot provide—the subtle human touch, the home feeling that comes from a home with a little "h?" Tim did not remain "a 'sylum boy," I took him at his word and made a "hayseed" of him in very truth in a farmer's family, and soon Dick and some of the other "fellers" were transformed in like manner. There is a great deal of the "roaring human boy" about them still, and they are not little saints, but on the contrary they are not little machines. And for myself, I have learned to give to system and organization their true value, but not to elevate both above the human right to love and sympathy inherent, though latent, in the child of the slums as well as in the petted darling of the avenue.—*The Altruist Interchange.*

Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

A Little Child's Influence

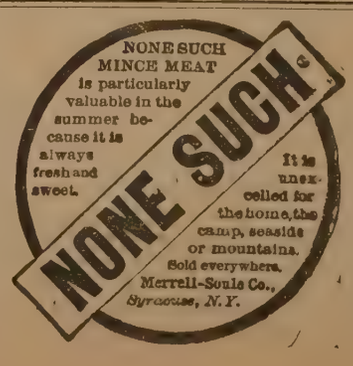
BY MRS O. W. CRAWFORD

The small village of Burton was in a quarrelsome, uneasy state, at least those were who were members of the "white church on the hill," and those who, while not being members of the church, had participated in the little quarrels because of a feeling of friendship for some of the members. The quarrels all arose from small matters, trifles in themselves, but magnified and distorted until they had assumed disturbing dimensions.

Brother White had been heard to say, when something hard to credit had been told him which Brother Verges had said, that "The best meaning folks are mistaken sometimes." Now, by the time this was reported to Brother Verges it had become changed into "You can't depend on anything Verges says;" so it was very natural that the good brother should become angry and declare that "Brother White uses very strong language," for the gossips had added a few comments of their own until the poor man was quite distracted, not knowing why his word should be doubted by a brother member. So a decided coolness sprang up among them and their families.

Then when Sister Brown bought a new bonnet, and Sister Lawton remarked to a confidential friend, "Such a gay bonnet for a woman of Sister Brown's age, so very unbecoming to her gray hair, and her a church member in good standing, too!" Of course some one carried this comment to Sister Brown, and her feelings were hurt in consequence, and she hastily replied: "I wish Sister Lawton would attend to her own affairs. I guess no one will have to answer for my wearing flowers on my hat but myself, if it is wicked, which I don't believe. I think lilies of the valley are very unassuming little flowers, anyway." So the same kind busybody who brought Sister Lawton's remark carried Sister Brown's back and did not hesitate to add thereto by means of sundry little nods and tricks of expression which were sure to make the matter much worse than it otherwise would have been. Consequently the next time the two good sisters met, a cool nod was the only sign of recognition each deigned to bestow upon the other.

Then at the sociable held on Thanksgiving evening for the benefit of the church, some mischievous boys stole Sister Stone's loaf of cake, and brought the empty plate, which chanced to have her name written on the underside, and left it beside the doorstep where it was found the next morning. Of course she blamed Sister Jackson, who was head of the committee on tables, for not keeping better watch over the piles of cakes and other eatables. But Sister Jackson declared: "I don't know how I could have done better, unless I'd had eyes in the back of my head, or could have been in two places at once. I'm quite sure her Harry was one of the boys anyway, so she bet-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ter look to home, I think. But then boys will be boys, and as we had plenty of cakes, there was no great harm done anyway."

When this was repeated to Mrs. Stone with the last saving clause omitted, she was quite exasperated, and angrily retorted: "That's always the way with folks that hain't got no children of their own—always picking on other folks's. I'm sure my Harry wouldn't do anything of the sort, so there!" But when Master Harry heard this, he chuckled softly, so it was safe to assert that he knew quite well where that cake went to, but he said nothing.

And so matters had been progressing for a year or two. Little words spoken in anger or pain, easily uttered, but their influence unending, had created a discord in what should have been, and once was, a harmonious whole.

But now a new pastor was sent them, and many hoped for a radical change in the social state of the church at least. Unlike the former pastor, who was a single gentleman, this one had a wife and two young children. The youngest was a sturdy, dark-eyed little chap of three summers, who prided himself upon soon being able to take care of sister Mamie, who was a delicate little thing and needed the tenderest care. She was a lovely child, with bright blue eyes and sunny brown hair. Although the eldest child, she was the pet of the family. Her nature was so gentle and sweet, her manners so quaint, that all who knew her loved her.

Pastor Dunleigh had not been long in his new home ere he discovered that there was something wrong in the moral atmosphere of the church, but as the matter was never mentioned at home in the presence of the children, they were unconscious that all was not as harmonious as could be wished. It did not take Mamie and Dick long to become acquainted with their papa's people, and also with many who were not Church members. So Mrs. Dunleigh was not surprised one day when Mamie said to her in her earnest way, "Mamma, may I have my new white dress on and go to see Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Lawton?" As her mother hesitated, she added wistfully, "They both invited me, mamma, truly they did."

Mrs. Dunleigh sighed as she looked at the delicate, upturned face, and said, "I m afraid you would get tired, Mamie, it is such a warm day."

"Indeed, mamma, I would walk very slowly, and you know, mamma, dear, they do live so near together, and it is such a teenty way from here anyway."

So her mamma consented, and the new gown was donned, the sunny hair brushed, and the big shade hat tied on, and the little one started to make calls, a thing which she dearly loved to do. Little Dick was sound asleep or he would have demanded to "go, too."

The little maid soon reached Mrs. Lawton's house, where she made her first call, and, as the children were at school, that lady devoted herself to entertaining her young visitor.

"Will you take off your hat, Mamie, while you are here?" she inquired, "You will be cooler I'm sure, dear."

But Mamie replied: "No, thank you, Mrs. Lawton, as I can't stay very long, I don't believe it would be best." For she had often observed that when ladies came to call upon her mamma they did not remove their hats, so she decided she would do the same.

But presently she was very warm from her little walk, and said: "It is very warm, indeed, Mrs. Lawton, and if I was going to stay long I should certainly take off my hat."

After a few moments she decided, "I think I will remove my hat, Mrs. Lawton, if you'll excuse me. I know it isn't proper, but I'm very warm, and if you have a fan anywhere handy, I would like to have it so much."

"That's right, dear, let me untie your strings. Of course I'll excuse you," and there was a suspicion of a smile on her lips as she turned away and laid the hat upon the bed in the little spare bedroom.

After the fan was found and a glass of cool milk was brought, Mamie remarked: "I'm going to call on Mrs. Brown, too; and I'm glad she lives so near you, because it is very warm walking to-day, Mrs. Lawton."

"Yes, dear, it is warm for you, but I don't mind it."

"I should think you'd be glad Mrs. Brown lives so close to you 'cause I think she is such a nice woman."

"Yes, she is a good woman," was the reply, for who could gainsay such a child.

"These are very pretty flowers on your fan, Mrs. Lawton; some are just like those on Mrs. Brown's bonnet. I think they are lovely, don't you?"

"Yes, Mamie, they are pretty and quite becoming, too," for Mrs. Lawton had become quite ashamed of her spiteful remarks of the previous season.

After chatting a little longer, Mamie declared it was time for her to go, "because I expect Mrs. Brown will be looking for me, for I most know she saw me when I came in your front gate."

"Bless her sweet face!" ejaculated Mrs. Lawton, as she watched the child moving slowly down the road, adding softly, "but I'm afraid the hot days that are coming will be too much for her delicate frame to bear."

When Mamie reached Mrs. Brown's she found that lady had been expecting her, and when she offered to untie and remove the shade hat, no resistance was offered; instead she said: "Indeed, I am very tired and warm, too, and if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Brown, I'll just lie down on your sofa a few moments."

So that kind lady made her small guest as comfortable as possible, and as the blue-veined lids closed for a moment over the blue eyes, Mamie said: "Thank you, Mrs. Brown, you are very kind to me."

As she opened her eyes again she noticed that Mrs. Brown's bonnet was lying on a chair and the trimmings upon the little center-table. "Are you trimming your bonnet over again, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, dear, I'm going to take off them flowers, and put a black bow where they were."

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, I'm so sorry!" exclaimed Mamie earnestly. "I was just telling Mrs. Lawton how much I admired the flowers on her fan 'cause they were just like those on your bonnet, and she thought so too, and we both said they were so becoming to you, too."

"Did Mrs. Lawton really say that, Mamie?" earnestly asked Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, she really did," said the child, sitting up and looking at Mrs. Brown as if wondering why she was so in earnest about a simple matter.

"And she said, too, she thought they were very modest little flowers."

"Well, I don't know but I might as well put them on again, after all."

"Please do, Mrs. Brown."

So the flowers were returned to their accustomed place, and her heart seemed really softened towards her neighbor as she stitched them in place again.

The following Sabbath Mamie pleaded to sit beside old Mr. White during service, "For he is such a nice gentleman, I think, and he thinks so much of me," she added naively.

As her mamma consented on that as on many following Sabbaths when the child pleaded to sit beside some of her particular friends, it grew to be a common sight to see the little white-robed figure sitting earnestly listening while her papa preached, with her hand closely clasped in that of her friend. Then when service was done and the people slowly passed out of the church, she always tried to have a word and a smile with the rest of her friends and usually a hand-shake as well. So it followed that the friend with whom she sat during service and whose hand she still clasped, would feel in duty bound to cordially speak to whoever Mamie addressed; so it often came about that as an evangel of peace the pure-minded child wrought better than she knew. Old hardnesses melted away and whilom enemies became again the friends they had been in days long past.

As the summer advanced all noticed that the child, who was like sunshine among them, was growing weaker and frailer day by day, so none were surprised when in early autumn Mamie caught a severe cold which suddenly developed into a fatal illness. Even in her death her influence was strong for good, for when the minister—a friend of her father—spoke words of kindness and comfort above the small coffin, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house, and some became reconciled then and there to friends long estranged, and Mr. Dunleigh felt that the harmony and peace he had so long desired for his people would at last be theirs, and that wonderful indeed is the influence of a little child when rightly exerted.—*The Kingdom*

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The Little White Shawl

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL

"O, mamma, must I?" And she could hardly keep back the tears as she spoke. "Julia said she couldn't possibly wait, and it will take ever so long to re-set this stocking heel. Can't I leave it until I get back?" pleaded Mary.

"My little daughter knows her mother's wish," quietly answered Mrs. Kelso.

Knowing that it was useless to say more, Mary took her knitting and went into grandma's cosy room. After the heel had been unraveled and re-set, grandma said: "Please open the lower bureau drawer, Mary, and bring me the little brown roll in the left-hand corner."

Taking off the worn wrapping paper, grandma held up a little white wool breakfast shawl, slightly colored by age. "This little shawl caused me a great deal of grief once, Mary; but," continued grandma, "I learned from it a very useful lesson."

"Did you make it, grandma?" asked Mary, delighted with the pretty pattern.

"Yes, dear when I was no older than you. Madam Haywood, as we all called her, offered a prize of a bright gold eagle to the girl in our neighborhood, under fourteen years of age, who would spin the wool and from the yarn knit the best breakfast shawl. It was a great offer, for money in those days was not so plentiful as my little granddaughter finds it."

"Could you spin, grandma?' asked Mary, wonderingly.

"Yes, indeed, all the girls were taught very early to spin, and even weave the flannel of which our garments were made.

"Mother gave me enough rolls for my yarn, and in a few days I had them about all spun. One bright morning, as I was laying out the few remaining rolls, Silas Pillsbury, a neighbor's lad, came in to invite me to spend the afternoon at his father's sugar camp. I was in a great hurry to get my work done, and so neglected to keep the fire going. The cold made my wool act terribly, and when I had my last skein half spun the yarn broke short off. Mother came into the room just in time to see my trouble.

" 'Prudence,' she said, 'you must draw out the yarn a bit and splice the thread neatly.'

"I was in too great a hurry to heed her remark, and when she left the room I hastily tied the threads together and went on with my spinning. The next day I began my shawl. The pattern was suggested by my Aunt Hetty, who was at the time making us her annual visit. Among all the girls in the neighborhood there was only one whom I feared, and she was Comfort Pettibone. Her grandmother had been in her day a fancy weaver, and I was afraid she might suggest to Comfort a pattern that would surpass mine. When the time allowed for the contest was over. Madam Haywood appointed an afternoon for the examination of the shawls and the awarding of the prize. Our mothers were all invited with us to her home, where we were to spend the afternoon and take tea. I hoped so hard that my work would take the prize; but when I saw all those snow white shawls laid out on the sofa my heart sank."

"Didn't you get it, grandma?" put in Mary with a great deal of anxiety.

"Wait just a moment, child, while I tell you. Comfort Pettibone seemed confident of success, and I heard her tell Hope Winship not to mind if she didn't get the prize; that she would buy her something real nice the next Christmas with the money.

"Before supper our work was examined, and we all assembled in the large sitting-room to hear the result.

"There was a bit of doubt about two of the shawls. Finally one of them was placed on the sofa with the others. How joyful I was! When madam advanced to the middle of the room, I noticed that the shawl in her hands was mine. She began to speak, then stopped, and carried my work to the window for a better light. In a moment she called to one of her sisters to bring the shawl—and it was Comfort's—that had just been laid upon the sofa. She again returned to the middle of the room, and said:

"It it hadn't been for a knot in the yarn of Prudence Packard's shawl, the prize—'

"And then, without waiting to hear more, I buried my face in mother's black silk apron.

"On the way home mother inquired why I was so quiet. The reason was that I was wishing so hard that I had spliced the yarn. And, Mary," continued her grandmother, thoughtfully, "I've wished so ever since."

May's Love Philter

A good many girls and boys have felt sad about the rain that was coming down on a rainy day. Girls and boys don't see much use in the rain, and it does spoil so many pleasant plans!

But one girl that I know didn't care a bit. She was staying at grandpa's, where there was a wide, chintz-covered sofa, which you could put your feet on, right under the east window.

For a long, quiet hour there was no sound in the library, except the patter, patter of the rain drops outside, and the rustling of grandpa's big New York paper.

Then suddenly a question came from the chintz sofa:

"Grandpa, what is a love philter?"

"Why, Mousie," cried grandpa, "are you there? A love philter, indeed! What is that to you?"

"Here's a young man in a storybook, grandpa, who went to a witch to get a love philter. What does it mean?"

"It means something to make people love you."

"Is there any such thing, grandpa?"

"There is," said the old gentleman, smiling; "but no witch could give it. Your grandma has one; watch her, and see if you can find out what makes everybody love her."

"Why, grandpa, she loves everbody first."

"That s it, Mouse," he said, nodding and smiling; that is the best love philter in the world; it never fails."—*E P. A., in Sunbeam.*

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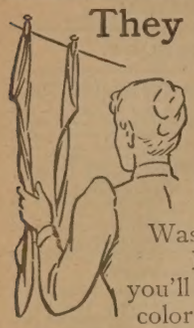
Rev. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, Rector.



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Household Hints

REMEDIES FOR FLIES.—All sorts of remedies for the nuisance of flies crop up with the return of the hot weather, but the old-fashioned cure, which is advocated by a contemporary, is hard to beat. A housekeeper says she never uses window screens; they shut out too much air and keep the flies in the house as much as they keep them out. Long ago she watched her grandmother putting bunches of lavender flowers around to keep the flies away, but while recognizing the point of that method, she takes a simpler way. Buying five cents' worth of oil of lavender at the drug store she mixes it with an equal quantity of water. This mixture is put into a common glass atomizer and sprayed around the room wherever flies are apt to congregate, especially in the dining room, where it is plentifully sprinkled over the table linen. To most people the scent is peculiarly fresh and grateful, but to flies it is especially disagreeable and they will never venture in its neighborhood.—*Chicago Record.*

DEATHS BY LIGHTNING.—According to recent bulletins issued by the Department of Agriculture, there were 336 deaths in the United States from lightning stroke in 1894. All these deaths, excepting 14, occurred during the six months beginning with April 1st. This is an average of 56 each month, or almost two a day. While the loss of life by lightning is not heavy, there is but little doubt that it could be greatly lessened if proper means were used to restore those who have received a stroke of lightning to life. In many cases a stroke of lightning is not immediately fatal though the victim seems to be dead. They are only in a state of suspended animation, in an exaggerated faint, in fact, and may by persistent effort be restored to life and recover from the effects of the shock. In any case where a person has been struck by lightning every effort to restore animation should be resorted to and kept up untiringly for at least an hour. Roll—not fold—a blanket or some clothing into a roll thick enough to cause the head to drop back when the roll is placed under the small of the back as the patient is lying down. Then the operator kneeling at his head grasps the patient's elbows and brings them nearly together above his head. Return them to the side of the patient, pressing firmly along the sides and front of the chest. This is repeated fifteen to twenty times a minute. Repeat deliberately and without haste constantly for an hour. This induces artificial respiration, as raising the arms in this manner extends the walls of the chest and causes air to rush in, and returning them and pressing the front and sides drives the air out again. Do not repeat the operation too quickly, as thoroughness is of first importance, and repeating it too fast is of no use. Maintain the warmth of the body by hot water, warm blankets, or warm clothing from bystanders, and rub the limbs vigorously upward so as to force the blood to the heart and brain. Let nothing interfere with the efforts to restore breathing. When ability to swallow is established, give a teaspoonful of warm water, with diluted whisky or brandy, or warm coffee, and let the patient sleep if he wishes to. The presumption when a man is struck by lightning is that he is not beyond hope, and instant effort should be made to restore him, as without aid he can never recover.

For cleaning mahogany, take one pint of furniture oil, mix it with half a pint of spirits of turpentine and half a pint of vinegar, wet a woolen rag with the liquid and rub the wood the way of the grain, then polish with a piece of flannel and soft cloth.

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June 11th, 1894.

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